NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

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Penned: Jolyon Jenkins on a child killer

Arts: The death of Hamlet, new age videos, David Lynch, Bond bores

John Major's coup: Must Labour go naked into the Ecu chamber?

Tower of power

Who makes our cities? Reyner Banham divines the architect's secret mind. Janet Abrams has a ticket to ride

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will be reading from his first novel *Redemption* (Chatto, £13.99)

TUESDAY OCTOBER 23RD AT 8.00PM

JUAN GOYTISOLO

author of *Landscapes After Battle*, will be reading from *Realms of Strife: A Writer in Paris* (Quartet, £15.00)

THURSDAY OCTOBER 25TH AT 8.00PM

GRANT NAYLOR

will be reading from *Better Than Life* (Viking, £12.99), the sequel to *Red Dwarf*

SATURDAY OCTOBER 27TH AT 1.00PM

POSY SIMMONDS

will be signing copies of her new book *The Chocolate Wedding* (Cape, £12.95)

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WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3RD AT 6.30PM

SOPHIE GRIGSON

will talk about and sign copies of her new book, *Sophie's Table* (Michael Joseph, £14.99) and will give a cookery demonstration

TUESDAY OCTOBER 9TH AT 7.00PM

CLAIRE MACDONALD

a tasting and talk about traditional Scottish food and drink, by the author of *Claire MacDonald's Scotland* (Bulfinch, £17.95)

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ROBERT JOSEPH

author of the *Sunday Telegraph Good Wine Guide 1991* (Pan, £6.99), will be hosting a wine-tasting

SUNDAY OCTOBER 21ST AT 1.00PM

LAURIE GRAHAM

will be reading from and signing copies of *Generation Games* (Chatto, £8.99), a collection of extracts from his three years as a columnist for the *Daily Telegraph* BRUNCH WILL BE SERVED

THURSDAY OCTOBER 25TH AT 6.30PM

KEN HOM

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PETER ACKROYD

will read from and discuss his approach to his new biography of Charles Dickens - *Dickens* (Sinclair-Stevenson, £19.95)

TUESDAY OCTOBER 16TH AT 7.00PM

BOOKER PRIZE EVENING

DETAILS TO BE CONFIRMED
an evaluation of the shortlisted books for the 1990 Booker Prize, on the night of the announcement of the winner

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 17TH AT 7.00PM

SEBASTIAN FAULKS

literary editor of *The Independent* will read from his highly praised first novel *Girl at the Lion d'Or* (Vintage, £4.99)

THURSDAY OCTOBER 18TH AT 7.00PM

JENNY DISKI

author of *Rainforest* and *Nothing Natural* will read from *Like Mother* (Vintage, £3.99)

TUESDAY OCTOBER 23RD AT 7.00PM

DOUGLAS ADAMS

author of *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*, will read from and discuss his new book *Last Chance to See ...* (Heinemann, £14.99) written in collaboration with zoologist Mark Carwardine

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 31ST AT 7.00PM

HUGH JOHNSON

author of *The Story of Wine* (Mitchell Beazley, £25.00) will share some of his expert advice on wine and offer samples from Oddbins for tasting

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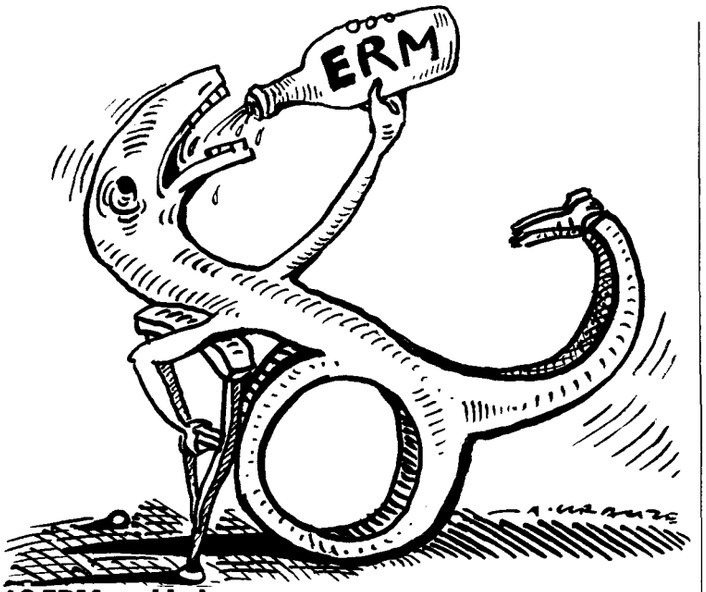

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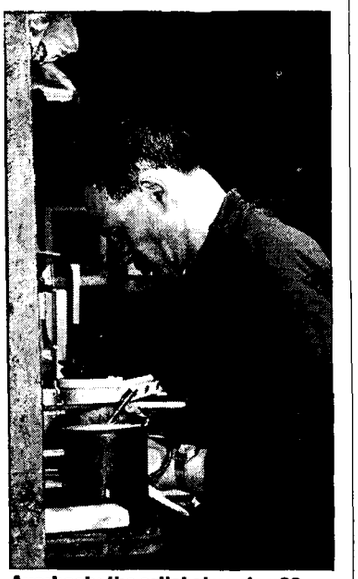

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Massacre in Jerusalem

Israeli bullets have made Saddam stronger. But they also make war over Kuwait more likely

Jerusalem's Western Wall is the most emotionally resonant and politically sensitive site in all Israel. An attack on worshippers there, above all one mounted during the important religious festival of Succot, was more likely to produce panic and, yes, rage among Israelis—in or out of uniform—than any other. Whoever organised the barrage of stones from the Islamic sacred area just above the Wall must have known that very well. And there seems little doubt that the assault was organised (though not from Iraq).

It ought also to be more widely known that the Israeli authorities had actually banned the "Temple Mount Faithful" extremists from the area. So the Palestinian anger at plans to build a temple on the site of the Noble Sanctuary, the third most holy place in Islam, was not well founded, even if the young Arabs throwing stones were unaware of this fact.

Israeli ministers reacted to this week's events by expressing sorrow for the bloodshed and promising a full investigation. When did the PLO, even in its new moderate guise, ever respond similarly to Israeli deaths? Arab calls for bloody revenge, which have issued forth this week, will have convinced even Israelis who can accept their police overreacted that the mountain of violence piled up against their country towers above this massacre.

But even when you try to engage with Israeli fears and feelings, you are driven into bewildered despair by the conduct of the Israeli state. What kind of democracy lets its security forces, faced with no more than stones, kill two dozen protestors in a few hours? Our own army's record in Northern Ireland is disgraceful: but the massacre on Monday was the worst-ever example of a consistent pattern of reckless and callous overuse of firepower by the security forces in Israel and the occupied territories.

The once-sincere doctrine of "purity in arms" now looks very sick. So, too, does Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek's long endeavour to weld his city into a single community. Jerusalem, until very recently almost the one district where Arab and Jew lived together in peace, if not friendship, is today a most frightening place.

It is, of course, the long stalemate over the long-term future of the Palestinians, the occupied territories and Israel's security that produces tragedies like Monday's. And like it or not, it is Saddam's invasion of Kuwait that has at last placed a negotiated solution for the Palestinians firmly on the world agenda. The PLO's major peace initiative had sunk leaving almost no trace; the world's leaders were unmoved by the intifada. Yet from the very beginning of the Gulf crisis, politicians and opnion leaders began talking about a settlement of the Palestinian question; it was, for example, a constant sub-theme of the Commons debate on the crisis.

Even the idea of linking the Palestinians' fate with Kuwait's, at first indignantly repudiated by every non-Arab leader, somehow crept on to influential lips—Bush's, Baker's, Hurd's, Mitterrand's—even before the Jerusalem massacre. Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories must come, they all say, but only after Saddam has left Kuwait. He can't be allowed to claim the credit.

Yet the linkage is indelibly there. The politics of the Gulf crisis have forced even the United States publicly to contemplate Israeli withdrawal and to moderate its damagingly unconditional support for that beleaguered state. If the crisis is resolved and Palestinian self-determination follows, it would be a good and just result. Palestinian freedom is a right, not a reward for good behaviour; not fundamentally compromised by the inexcusable violence of some of its proponents, nor by the opportunistic Palestinian support for Saddam. Yet the double standards that the western nations have relentlessly practised in the region mean that Saddam would be seen as the godfather of a new Palestinian entity and the rape of Kuwait part of its conception.

This raises almost unanswerable questions. What hope could there be of Israeli cooperation in such a scenario? What conclusions would other Arab leaders and peoples draw from such a process? What chance would there be of a stable and secure regional settlement? The massacre in Jerusalem makes these questions all the more urgent, and at the same time poisons all the more hopeful attempts to answer them. It makes Saddam stronger and war more likely.

It would be comforting to believe that out of evil, good can come: that somehow from the destruction of Kuwait and the slaughter in Jerusalem will spring a resolution of the long misery of Israelis and Palestinians. Many world leaders are now voicing that hope. There seems miserably little justification for it.

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Not so big ideas

British entry into the ERM allowed John Major to ride in triumph into Bournemouth this week. It will have the side-effect of ensuring that the 1991—or 1992—Tory election campaign is both nastier and more gimmick-ridden than ever. Kenneth Baker's mindless trashing of Neil Kinnock to the party faithful is, alas, the shape of things to come. With the broad thrust of macro-economic policy now decided in the way that Labour wanted, the Conservatives have two options: new tricks, and dirty tricks.

The so-called "consolidators", in whose camp Baker belongs, know that further grand visions from the Tory thought-labs (Son of Poll Tax?) will scare away the voters. The "No Turning Back" ultras may still speak of privatising the welfare state, but don't expect it in the manifesto. Instead, strategists will reinforce a hail of abuse against the opposition with woozy uplift ("the Party of the Family") and the policy equivalent of Christmas-cracker novelties.

These have an alarming habit of blowing up in the inventors' faces. So, for example, many of the 65 hospitals interested in "opting out" of health authority control may then dive into bankruptcy. Or look at the "rents into mortgages" scheme now due to be extended: as Nick Raynsford revealed in *NSS*, the pilot project in Scotland produced four completions from 115,000 eligible tenants. As for the defunct "Housing Action Trusts" plan that council estates all around Britain turned down flat—tell it not in Bournemouth. Inside the draughty old house of majority public services, the roof is collapsing and the floor caving in. But this government will bid for re-election by installing a few shiny coach-lamps at the door.

Louts for life

This week, the Director of Public Prosecutions challenged magistrates in Stockport over their refusal to convict anti-abortion campaigners earlier this year. The magistrates acquitted, even though they agreed that protestors had caused alarm and distress through abusive behaviour to women seeking legal terminations at the South Manchester Clinic. The point at issue is an interpretation of Section 5 of the 1986 Public Order Act, which makes it an offence to use "threatening, abusive and insulting words or disorderly behaviour within sight of a person likely to be caused harassment, alarm or distress". The Stockport magistrates argued that the prosecution did not prove the defendants had *intended* to threaten the women. This, says the DPP's office, is effectively demanding "a higher standard of proof in such cases than we have hitherto understood".

Most clinics have come, reluctantly, to accept weekend pickets as a fact of life. But a new phenomenon, largely imported from Canada and the US, has recently made its debut. Since last summer, attacks by both the foreign-based Operation Rescue and the home-grown gang led by Father James Morrow have made the lives of women seeking abortions even more intolerable. There have now been about ten major "rescue" attacks at clinics throughout the country. These have included pushing, shoving and shouting abuse. In one incident, a pregnant clinic administrator was assaulted and pushed to the ground.

Many protestors brought before magistrates have been dismissed as having no case to answer. Those convicted are fined. They then refuse to pay on the grounds that the money will go to a state that sanctions murder. The DPP needs to sort out this mess before the "rescue" movement strikes again. Otherwise, the suspicion will linger that prejudice on the bench is abetting hooligans who want to deny women the exercise of their rights under the law.

Duke's a hazard

For the past year political commentators have surveyed the landscape of eastern Europe for the first signs of a resurgence of Fascism. Perhaps they have been looking in the wrong place. With the astounding performance of Louisiana state representative David Duke in last weekend's US Senate election, neo-Fascism has opened a second front in the Deep South.

Washington pundits make much of the fact that Duke is a former Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. That misses the point. If he were just another ignorant southern racist, his 44 per cent of the vote in Saturday's election, which mercifully proved insufficient for victory, could have been a blessing in disguise. It might have prompted America to take a hard look at the persistence of crude racism in its politics. But Duke has cleaned up his act, and presents himself as a charismatic young legislator. That makes him a much more dangerous phenomenon than the ranting redneck.

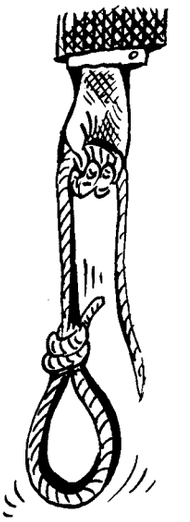
Journalists who cover the salacious details of his personal life *ad nauseam* (a typical Duke story reports his collection of pornography depicting white women fellating black men) should listen instead to the man who has followed his career for a decade. Lance Hill, who directs the Louisiana Coalition against Nazism and Racism, concludes that "Duke entered the far right movement as an avowed National Socialist, and the precepts of Nazism continue to underpin his political world-view." His shrewd opportunism, his close ties to Jean-Marie Le Pen of the French National Front, and his success in "talking about the issues that most politicians fear to mention" should make those who dismiss him as a crackpot think again.

Settling up

This week's findings of widespread innumeracy among British adults represent a disaster. The survey, commissioned by the government-funded Adult Literacy and Basic Skills Unit, the BBC and the Training Agency, revealed that around half the adult population has difficulty with the simplest calculations. Three-fifths of the sample group could not calculate 12 per cent of £6,000. How can people make political judgments about interest rates and inflation if they do not understand what they are?

Some questions could be asked about the methodology, however. Were respondents discouraged by the class-specific, implausible nature of the questions? For example, the survey reports that 40 per cent of adults could not divide a bill of £30.35 five ways. But it is a well-known principle that nobody can satisfactorily split a restaurant bill five ways. The process is subject to a series of non-Euclidean axioms.

Axiom one is that only the person who has eaten the most will be willing to divide the bill equally. Axiom two is that asking for separate bills doesn't help because no one can ever agree on who drank how much wine. Axiom three is that no one ever overestimates their contribution when they throw their money on the table. Hence axiom four: the person who grabs the cash and pays by credit card always ends up out of pocket. It is unreliably reported that Einstein searched for an equation to cover the multiple variables of restaurant bill settlement, but gave it up for the easier problem of the Unified Field Theory.



So now we know: a policy of capital punishment without trial operates within the UK. The SAS gun down "known terrorists", the RUC release their criminal records as evidence, and Northern Ireland secretary Peter Brooke almost purrs with pleasure—claiming, as justification, that one of the dead men's brothers "was shot on a previous occasion". After 21 years of combat, this is as close as we'll ever come to an official declaration that a state of civil war exists within UK borders. For the sake of clarity, at least: better late than never.

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DIARY

Sean French

There is a ghastly comedy about cremation. It may be because the results are so paltry. "When that this body did contain a spirit," said Prince Hal over Hotspur's corpse, "A kingdom for it was too small a bound;/But two paces of the vilest earth/Is room enough." Whereas a Tupperware lunchbox was enough for my Uncle Colin's ashes when they were interred last weekend.

In fact, considering his life and death, it might have been more appropriate for him to have been buried Tutankhamun-style, in a cigarette packet, with a couple of fags to see him over to the other side. (In fact, my brothers and I fantasised about this possibility, imagining a future Lord Caernarvon gaining entry to the cigarette packet but finding that graverobbers had got there before him and removed the cigarettes.)

The ceremony was odd enough already. My uncle lived in New Zealand and I had only met him twice. His only sustained visit to this country, after emigrating in the mid-fifties, was when he sat on my parents' mantelpiece for the past year, ever since arriving in the mail. (My father at first assumed that it was a Christmas present that Colin had posted before he died.)

Apparently, my uncle's funeral back in New Zealand had been well attended: the ceremony last weekend, though, was more like one of those pet funerals that toddlers arrange in back gardens—six of us round a hole that looked as if it belonged on a putting green, while the vicar talked about the certain resurrection.

He then proceeded to insert Colin into Cambridgeshire, still in his non-biodegradable Tupperware casket. After a brief huddle, we asked him to tip the ashes out, which he did as one of my brothers and I stared curiously (we had had an argument the night before about whether Colin's fillings would be among the ashes—they weren't).

Some of the bluey-grey ashes gusted back on to the vicar and I was hoping he would have the presence of mind to turn to my father and say, "Can you get your brother off me?" but the traditional mock-solemnity that is apparently required for all Church of England services was maintained.

I suppose a ceremony like this must make you think of your own end. I remember that Samuel Beckett's hero, *Murphy*, wanted his ashes to be flushed down the lavatory of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, during a performance, though, as far as I remember, they ended up being dropped on the floor of a pub. For myself, I think I should like to be cremated and have my ashes scattered on Cecil Parkinson's suit.

A couple of columns ago, I referred to this magazine by its archaic nickname, the *Staggers*, and since then I've wondered whether anyone either still used the term or at least knew where it came from.

Certainly the soubriquet (I've just looked this word up to see if it's appropriate, which it is, but since it is simply French for "nickname" I don't see that one ever needs to use it) is rarely used and then only in the fogeyish sense that people still talk of the Third Programme instead of Radio Three, or, worse still, the Home Service, instead of Radio Four.

It seems to have emerged from a particularly irritating form of slang that must have been developed in the years before the first world war gave people something serious to think about. The method was to take any word and remove all letters after and including its first vowel, replacing them with "-agger". Thus, the then Prince of Wales was called the Pragger Wagger and the wastepaper basket was rechristened the waggerpaggerbagger.

Which is all too reminiscent of the equally absurd cockney rhyming slang, which exists, along with pearly kings and queens, principally in London tourist guides. (The only bits of this that are actually used are a very few words whose origins are forgotten. For example, I suspect that not many people who use the rather polite expression, "to blow a raspberry", know that this comes from "raspberry tart" = fart.)

But the *Staggers*, or perhaps it should now be the *Staggers and Saggers*, I think we can revive without too much effort.

In British public life, there are always certain words and phrases that are considered funny or humorously abusive. "Hampstead" is one. Another old favourite is "lesbian", and when it is allied to "workshop", it is always good for a sneer. Here is the final item of Hilary Mantel's diary in this week's *Sunday Independent*. More fastidious readers may like to insert "ago" after the third word:

"A few weeks I was urging people not to forgo the pleasure of making a will. Enthusiast though I am, I was amazed to learn of a 'lesbian wills workshop' being held in London. I cannot fathom why lesbians need separate arrangements in this matter. There are times when one feels terribly naïve."

Yes, and offensive and stupid as well. I could hardly know less about the subject but, even so, the problems facing lesbians seem pretty obvious. They will probably wish to leave their estate to a partner who has no formal rights in the matter. I imagine that good legal advice is essential because if a family member, or possibly even a former husband, tried to assert prior rights to property, the homophobic British legal system would be likely to view this sympathetically.

There are terrible stories of homosexuals dying intestate and leaving a partner in poverty while the estranged family arrive on the scene and grab the estate, and even the body, doubtless forbidding the partner to attend the funeral into the bargain. For lesbians, as distinct from male homosexuals, I would imagine that there is a likelihood of children and their custody being an issue. I presume that immense care must be taken so that a child isn't snatched back by disapproving relatives or a censorious local authority.

Two minutes' thought might have revealed this to Hilary Mantel, but, as Housman observed, thought is irksome and two minutes is a long time. And still more irksome, he might have added if he were still alive, when it deprives you of a cheap laugh at an easy target.

ROGER WODDIS

By Way of an Emetic

(Apologies to Edward Lear)

"We have never given, and will never give, support of any kind to the Khmer Rouge."—Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd, quoted by John Pilger, whose ITV report on Cambodia was screened this week

How pleasant to know Mr Hurd!
A civilised chap through and through:
He never would utter a word,
Unless it were totally true.

Whenever he ventures to speak,
He displays a remarkable knack
For keeping his tongue in his cheek,
And two fingers crossed at his back.

At plying his trade he is skilled,
He is honest and freedom's custodian.
(Unless you should chance to be killed,
And happen to be a Cambodian.)

He has a most flexible mind,
He claims to be nobody's stooge,
And thinks it unfair and unkind
To hint that he backs the Khmer Rouge.

He castigates Saddam Hussein,
But denies that he has a soft spot
For licensed purveyors of pain,
Or prays every night for Pol Pot.

His media detractors are few,
He weeps for the World that is Third;
And if you are ready to spew,
How pleasant to know Mr Hurd!

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TAKING LIBERTIES

Jolyon Jenkins

I once wrote an article for the *Observer*, which had the happy effect of putting two fraudulent estate agents in prison for a couple of years. In the months that preceded their trial, I spent many hours in a small, windowless room with Detective Sergeant Bourne of the Fraud Squad, during which he tried to elicit the details of my investigation and I tried, with less success, to do the same to him.

Eventually, he asked me to give a written statement, and I agreed. I learned that he meant that *he* would write the statement, and I would sign it.

He took out a notepad and spoke as he wrote: "I am a journalist on the *Observer*..."

Not true, I said: I had been working freelance.

He tried again: "I am a freelance journalist..."

Not true either, I said: I was moonlighting from a salaried job on *Law Magazine*.

"It's near enough," he said. I was in a hurry and didn't want to argue. It was near enough. And so the whole statement, which I could have written for myself in 15 minutes, took twice that time and ended up full of D-S Bourne's ponderous policespeak and half-truths that I couldn't be bothered to contest. Despite my reservations, I signed the statement, under no greater duress than that my lunch hour was coming to an end.

A slightly similar process occurred when I was interviewed by the *Sun*. I was surprised the next day to read about a Mr Jenkins who spoke in punchy tabloid-ese. What was printed was entirely accurate as far as sense went, but those weren't my words.

There is nothing very sinister about this. Verbatim speech hardly ever appears in newspapers. It is always tidied up, to remove hesitations, unfinished sentences, repetitions, digressions and malapropisms. As long as the intended meaning is preserved, so what?

These thoughts are prompted by a report in Monday's *Guardian* on a new development in the case of Carl Bridgewater, the 13-year-old newspaper boy who was murdered in 1978. A computer analysis by Andrew Q Morton, a language expert, has shown that the confession attributed to one of the men convicted of killing Carl, Pat Molloy, "cannot be accepted as the simple utterance of Mr Molloy", but is the work of several hands. This is going to "form a substantial part" of a dossier that will shortly be presented to the Home Secretary. Mr Morton has also done a similar analysis in the Birmingham Six case.

As someone who innocently doctors people's words every day, I find this an unconvincing sort of forensic evidence. It surely only serves the defence's purpose if it was alleged in the original trial that the words in the statement were the pure, verbatim utterance of Mr Molloy. But in 1978, when police interviews were not tape-recorded, such a claim would have been hard to sustain. The crucial question is not: "were these Mr Molloy's own words?" but "was the statement fabricated?" And there, Mr Morton's work is no use at all.

Or so one might think. But as in the Maguire case, where the convictions seem likely to be quashed on the basis of almost completely irrelevant evidence about the behaviour of forensic scientists (*Taking Liberties*, 20 July), this may be the fig-leaf that the Home Secretary uses to refer a manifestly unsatisfactory conviction back to the Court of Appeal. The shame is that the system needs such fig-leaves.

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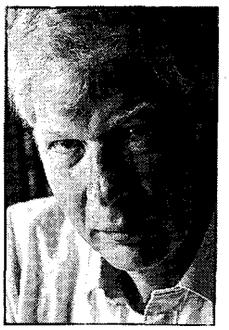
POLITICAL COLUMN

The Ides of March

War in the Gulf, not the EMS, is most likely to fix Mrs Thatcher's next date with the electorate



R W Johnson

The announcement of British entry into the EMS was greeted with an initial burst of City euphoria and a widespread assumption that this implies an early election. In fact, the decision to go in now is an enormous political gamble: in terms of all that had been said previously about the need to harmonise our inflation rate with Europe's before going in, it is precisely the wrong time. And it is very difficult indeed to read off any easy predictions about what it all means for the political future.

The case for an early election rests essentially on two assumptions: that EMS entry will allow a speedy fall in interest rates to 10 or 11 per cent next year; and that it will take a while before the tougher consequences of EMS entry become fully evident. The result will be a "window of opportunity" next year when mortgage rates fall, housing and consumer markets regain their buoyancy, while inflation falls—partly as a result of interest-rate cuts, partly because of a strong pound. It could happen that way—but it is only one scenario of many.

Let there be no doubt about what the tough consequences of entry are. For our inflation rate to come down to average EC levels, we need to see a fall from 10.6 per cent to roughly 3.5 per cent. About 2 per cent of that 7 per cent fall can be achieved by interest-rate cuts reducing mortgage costs. But that still leaves a 5 per cent drop to be achieved by deflationary means. Given that two thirds of all industrial costs are wage costs, it is difficult to see how we can get where we have to be without a 5 per cent cut in all real wages and salaries.

This is an immensely tough target. Ever since the war, governments have wrestled in vain with the British tendency to award themselves higher wages than their productivity justifies—a tendency that ineluctably exerts downward pressure on sterling. The Attlee government dealt with the problem by a whopping 30.5 per cent devaluation. The Eden and Macmillan governments used repeated bouts of stop-go and then let go entirely. Wilson used incomes policy and then a protracted wage freeze to hold the line; and still had to devalue and then gave in to the 1969-70 wages boom. Heath said he would manage without an incomes policy, found he couldn't—and devalued in his turn. The Wilson-Callaghan governments tried a new dodge—the social contract—only for the public sector unions to break through the pay norms. Thatcher sought to deal with the problem by a draconian mix of monetarism and mass unemployment. Yet here we are, after 11 years, and wages are rising by 9-10 per cent.

The historical record suggests, indeed, that the tendency to pay ourselves rather too much is extremely strong and deep-seated—that it has an almost elemental force. Governments have tried every variety of policy to dam the tide, but they have always lost in the end. It is against these ingrained social habits that EMS entry is now frontally ranged. Those now indulging in financial or electoral euphoria clearly assume that the EMS will win. It would be more prudent to assume a mortal struggle.

War will pretty certainly end with Bush and Thatcher parading Saddam's head on a pike

The notion that it will take some time before the tough consequences show through can rest only on the assumption that employers will not immediately attempt to engineer a 5 per cent cut in their employees' real incomes but will instead carry on acting in the old way until the pound devalues to the lower limits allowable within the EMS. This ignores the fact that the recession is anyway producing a sharp decline in company profits and that companies are struggling hard to maintain margins. Moreover, the exchange rate at which we have entered the EMS is uncomfortably high. It is all very well for the Treasury to point out that at DM2.95 the pound is about right in purchasing parity terms—that the proverbial Mars Bar costs about the same in Birmingham and Bonn—but the fact remains that with the exchange rate that high we have a gigantic trade deficit with Germany and the EC. Many company treasurers will already be facing a bank of flashing red lights. Remember that wages make up two thirds of their costs—so they could well lose their own jobs if they delay too long in taking a tough line over wages and redundancies.

True, interest-rate cuts will help them, and they may also be some way off having to settle their annual pay round, so there will be some delay. But there is really no prospect of the six- to 12-month economic honeymoon period so blithely assumed by those who speak of a 1991 election. The shrewdest bets are on a sterling crisis and possible devaluation within the EMS by mid-1991. (And it should be noted that the devaluation, which could have passed only half-noticed when the pound was floating, is a thunderous political crisis once you're in the EMS.)

Predictions of a 1991 election should, indeed, be taken with a large pinch of salt. Quite apart from the economic difficulties, there are two sheer political facts: Mrs Thatcher's well-known tendency to dither over calling an election even when, as in 1983 and 1987, the result was a foregone conclusion—and the fact that it will take a good time to turn round and securely reverse Labour's present comfortable lead, if indeed that can be done. The only real argument for a 1991 election is the certainty that by 1992 we will be deep in the throes of adjustment to life within the EMS.

The wild card is the Gulf crisis. If Bush backed down now, he would be reviled as a wimpish appeaser at the 1992 election. So he can't back down and Saddam won't. So, pretty clearly, there has to be a war. But first sanctions and diplomacy must be given a chance to work (and weaken Iraq in case of war). Even assuming an all-out western assault, it would be prudent to allow a month for the actual fighting. Bush will want to avoid war before the mid-term elections (6 November) and won't want war going on during Thanksgiving (22 November) or Christmas. However, the one certainty is that western troops can't be expected to camp out through a Saudi Arabian summer or even spring, so war must come by March. A January-February war seems the most likely bet.

The war will no doubt result in some bad western casualties, but will pretty certainly end with Bush and Thatcher parading Saddam Hussein's head on a pike. This will presumably yield at least some echo of a Falklands-style electoral bonus—which could temporarily make the consequences of EMS entry look politically irrelevant. In other words, we shall know the answer to the next year by the Ides of March.

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Naked into the Ecu chamber?

Has John Major stolen all Labour's clothes? Paul Hirst argues that ERM entry needs incomes and credit policies to work

John Major has trumped Labour by joining the ERM, and left it without a distinctive alternative to Tory macro-economic policy in the run-up to what may be an early election. Early entry to the ERM was the key plank in Labour's criticism of Conservative attitudes to Europe and management of the economy. The EMS was central to Labour because, having rejected an incomes policy and downplayed credit controls, it has been forced to advocate monetary policy as the main means to control inflation. The opposition has been reduced to welcoming the decision to enter, while lamenting the timing and conditions of the decision as "political"—hardly the stuff of which government electoral defeats are made.

Looking to the Future, Labour's policy programme for the 1990s, makes noises about inflation being a complex problem that needs a multi-policy approach. However, it is explicit only on the anti-inflationary virtues of the EMS: asserting that, "Membership of the ERM will help to bring down inflation and interest rates..." and claiming that, "In the private sector...the ERM will create a new framework for wages and other costs. Management and trade unions will know that, if their production costs rise faster than those of other European companies, they will not be able to compete successfully within the European market."

People in Britain have to be told that unlimited credit is as much a job-killer as inflationary wage rises are

This comes close to ascribing automatic and beneficial effects to EMS membership. But the ERM is no more of an economic panacea, of itself, than was the Tories' practice of monetarism in the early 1980s.

ERM membership is likely to impose a severe and perhaps prolonged recession on the British economy, once the short-term bonus is over. The effects of such monetary discipline highlight a central fact about the UK economy, one that has separated us from our competitors since at least the 1960s—that is, we have found no way to attain sustained growth in employment and output. We have swung with depressing regularity from short-term booms to periods of austerity. Rising inflation and balance of payments constraints cut off booms before they can have long-term effects on new investment and increased manufacturing capacity.

Britain has two fatal inbuilt tendencies to inflation that are created by our institutions: wage rises exceed productivity and the cost of living in expansionary periods; and people's domestic consumption is fuelled by borrowing in periods of credit expansion. These tendencies will not be automatically checked by membership of the ERM, except at the price of severe recession. They can be effectively countered only by major institutional changes in determining incomes and taking control of credit.

Looking to the Future tells us that France and Italy had high inflation rates before ERM membership, and that they have reduced these rates to West German levels. Very nice. But Labour omits to mention two facts: that France suffered heavy unemployment to bring down inflation; and that, in the 1980s, Italy coordinated wage bargaining. Moreover, manufacturing in Britain is less healthy than in either of these countries and much of it is uncompetitive in European terms.

If Labour has been trumped by Major, it says less about the naïvety of the opposition than it does about the government's unprincipled opportunism. Britain was not ready to enter the ERM. John Major knows this, Mrs Thatcher knows this. Her insistence on the Madrid conditions was rational, even if it was motivated by a dislike of European economic integration. Britain should not have entered the ERM at an inflation rate roughly three times that of Germany's and at an exchange rate which is far too high for the British economy to sustain.

Labour has to recover quickly from a very successful ambush. It cannot rail against the effects of ERM membership now, since it advocated it with such enthusiasm before 5 October. The only answer is to do what *Looking to the Future* failed to do and address the institutional changes that are necessary to make ERM membership work.

The Thatcher government has allowed wage-fixing in the private sector to degenerate into an unregulated free-for-all. There is a long way between this wages jungle and the centralised incomes policies of the 1960s and 1970s. Labour has got to move into the middle ground and put some flesh on the bones of a credible wages policy. Wage deals have become decentralised, to company and plant level. Companies bid against each other to keep labour sweet. The employers' organisation, the CBI, has ceased to be an effective forum for elaborating national policies for manage-

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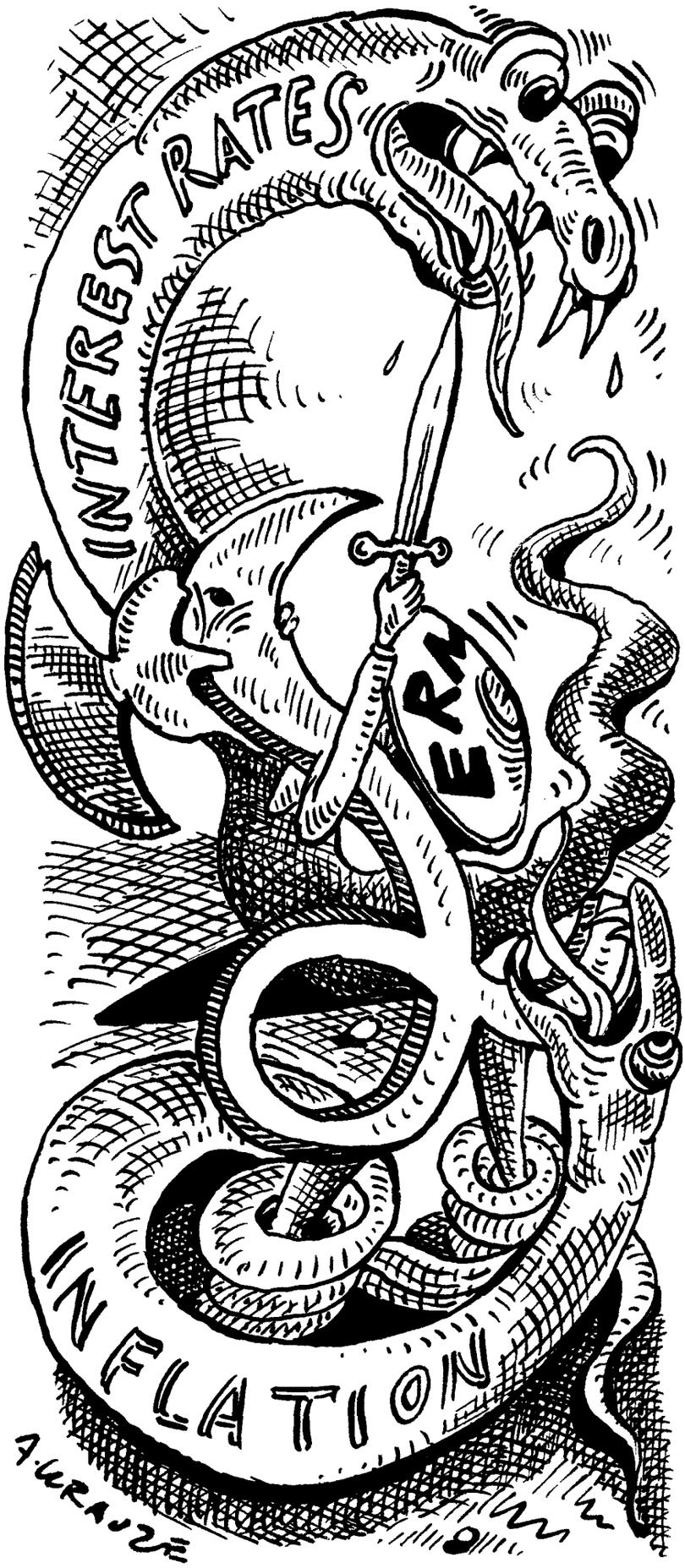

ment and has few means to restrain or influence member companies. The first essential, therefore, is to coordinate wage bargaining, shortening the period in which annual deals are negotiated to prevent groups of workers leap-frogging earlier settlements by others. The second essential is to restore a measure of centralisation, employers accepting sectoral and industry level norms to which member companies keep.

Given that neither the employers nor the unions will do this spontaneously, Labour needs to plan to do more in government than to exhort them to do the right thing. Some union leaders, like Alan Tuffin and John Edmonds, see the need for wage controls, but they are still in a minority. Labour in government can influence both sides of industry to get them to cooperate—tax changes and training funds for companies, industrial relations law reforms for the unions. Only the most determined pressure by central government will get management and labour to meet the standards of cooperation and discipline of our European partners. Employers and the unions must accept the need for centralised bargaining about an outline framework for wage settlements based on agreed macro-economic constraints. Government needs to orchestrate this framework, even if it falls short of a statutory incomes policy.

To be ready to do this in government, Labour must prepare the ground now. The party can force a change in attitudes by pointing to the dire consequences of ERM membership—higher unemployment, lower living standards—if wage bargaining is not reformed. It must take a tough line now if it is to be listened to later. A further essential policy—to be introduced at once—is the first stage of a massive long-run training initiative. Chronic skill shortages keep wages high in Britain, even with large-scale unemployment. A government that rapidly addressed the worst areas of skill shortage—and perhaps provided cheap hostel accommodation in the south—would reduce inflationary wage pressures caused by skills shortages.

Labour also has to prepare the household sector for credit controls. Unregulated credit allows consumers to borrow to support current consumption. This is simply mad. Overall saving and borrowing must be brought into line. Banks and building societies will have to limit lending by rules which tighten the ratio of deposits to funds advanced; that stop the leakage from housing capital into consumer spending; and that require domestic borrowers to cover a considerable portion of the purchase of a car or house from their own savings. We have to stop living out of future income. Voters have to be told that unlimited consumer credit is as serious a job-killer as inflationary wage rises.

No doubt the pollsters who rule the Labour Party will say this is a vote-loser. That implies the electorate is ignorant and bent on economic suicide. It may be; equally, it may by now be scared of the future consequences of economic failure and sick of lies. You can only win votes by telling people the truth if you are clearly determined to act on it. To criticise the Tories while you fail to offer a genuine alternative, to keep quiet about hard choices for fear of rocking the electoral boat, is hardly the route to credibility or victory at the polls.

Labour can only recover from Major's policy coup by spelling out the long-run costs of ERM entry; either adjustment by unemployment and recession, or adaptation by institutional changes that tackle at root the twin causes of our built-in propensity to higher-than-average inflation, the reform of wage bargaining and credit controls. We are now locked into the ERM at a damagingly high rate. Labour can argue that the least government can do is to get inflation down to European levels as equitably and democratically as possible—and leave room in the longer run for supply-side measures like training initiatives and industrial policies. If Labour does not give priority to fighting inflation without wrecking the economy, it might as well abandon all talk of "supply-side socialism". ●

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ROGER MOORE
LIVE AND LET

Rex Features

FANS

Futile attraction

Natasha has seen The Living Daylights *74 times. Mike thinks Timothy Dalton's squint is just incredible. Maria Manning meets the 007 hardcore*

James Bond's world of espionage and pussy galore is one of spectacular excess, but what is the world of the Bond Fan? Pinewood studios, a sprawl of grey buildings and car parks on the outskirts of Slough, recently hosted the James Bond Fan Club Convention. In the very "house" in which countless Bond scenes were filmed (along with the *Carry On* series and *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*), 200 hardcore Fan Club members renewed aquaintance with *From Russia With Love*, some of them silently mouthing the dialogue along with the actors. Fans obviously share their hero's love of gadgets—at 12 o'clock, at a tense plot juncture, a chorus of digital wristwatches bleeped discreetly.

Graham Rye, president of the James Bond 007 Fan Club and convention organiser, with his personal collection of "Bondiana"

Afterwards, we troop to the café to eat cheeseburgers and chips to the strains of *You Only Live Twice*. The atmosphere is subdued. Had I strayed into the *Terry and June* convention by mistake? I had expected exuberance, flamboyance. But no, fanship, I discover, is a solemn business. It requires an in-depth knowledge of the genre ("did you spot the continuity error in 1967?"), loyalty, dedication, and a sustained vigilance to protect your hero from heretical assaults on the significance of his character. I detect, perhaps, the discomfiture of those newly out of the closet: hero-worship at the altar of the video in the privacy of the back bedroom is entirely different to sitting in a room with 200 other people, all wearing large, red 007 badges, publicly proclaiming their proclivities.

There seem to be two schools of fans. The purists, who

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are fiercely loyal to the original Bond of the Fleming novels, and the more relaxed variety, who see no incompatibility between *Licence to Kill* and Licence to Camp. David, a 26-year-old computer-systems analyst, is of the former school. His father, "who is also a big kid", took him to see *Diamonds Are Forever* when he was six, and he was hooked for life. Passionately, he rails against Roger Moore, who marks for him an unforgivable descent into parody and represents a Bond tainted by gimmickry and cliché: "He's a smarmy smartarse, always taking the piss. He never took it seriously, and that really wound me up. He's got two expressions to cater for every situation—left eyebrow arched, or right eyebrow arched." For David, Timothy Dalton is Bond's saviour, bringing a hard-edged realism back to the films: "He *is* Bond, Fleming's Bond." Scenting a hint of scepticism (I'm a Connery woman myself), he pleaded with me: "Just watch the Dalton films, you'll have your eyes opened."

David is animated, opinionated, full of proselytising zeal. His sincerity is impressive. He is contemptuous of those who claim to follow Bond yet limit themselves to the films. Bond for him is a composite of literature and cinema. On the other hand, he believes some fans take things too seriously. "That woman in America who loved Jim Reeves so much she married some poor bloke just because his name was Jim. To me that's sick. Bond is entertainment. You've got your *Indiana Jones* and your *Star Wars*, and they're all escapism, a bit of a break from the old routine. It's Adult Disney really."

Handsome, debonair Lance, aged 21, echoes David's sentiments. He took the day off work at the Ministry of Defence to go to the première of *The Living Daylights*. He had the chance to "go into intelligence" at the MoD, but declined the offer. I asked him about the film's sexism and the crude racial stereotyping. He told me earnestly that "sexism and racism can never be forgiven, must never be tolerated," then went on to say that with Bond these things just didn't seem to matter. He accepted he was contradicting himself, and admitted that these were issues which he had not managed to resolve. For an Asian, the quintessentially British hero might seem an improbable role model, but he had grown up with Bond. For a time he had actually tried to be Bond, dressed up in flash clothes, gone to flash restaurants. One evening he actually plucked up the courage to order Bond's tipple, a vodka martini, shaken, not stirred.

Pressed to explain his Bond obsession, Lance explains that it is an emotional thing: "Bond is on the side of good. He's complicated, he uses the baddies' methods to fight the baddies, which means killing and such. He doesn't like his job, but who else would do it? If Bond retired, what would you have him be, a playgroup leader?" Did Lance realise he spoke of Bond as a real person? "Of course he's real. I know him. He's my friend," and he laughs.

It was time for a short tour of the studios on the way to an exhibition of Bond film props and memorabilia. Next to a rubbish skip and a sign forbidding entry to lorries and vans, we were shown the very door against which Goldfinger's car exploded, the very iron ladder Bond had stood on... At every stop, dozens of cameras were whipped out to capture the moment. One man climbs a mud bank and stands in the drizzle, among thistles and nettles, taking photos of the corrugated hulk of the 007 sound stage.

A collective gasp greets the opening of the huge steel doors on to the exhibition—the kind of reaction that used to accompany the announcement of "tonight's star prize" on television game shows. Inside the big, dusty room, people kneel reverentially to take photos of little plastic cars and helicopters—models used in special-effects sequences. Most of the fans are men, but there are some Bond couples—"he's mad about Bond, I'm just mad"—and even Bond families. A husband and wife flank a cardboard cut-out of Sean Connery in a kilt, smiling for their photo.

The thrill is almost too much for Natasha and she shakes with excitement. She left Sheerness in Kent at 7am to travel to the convention. Aged 17 and still at school, she paid the £68 fee out of her earnings from a Saturday job as a checkout girl at Tesco. She has bought two T-shirts (£18 each, special imports from Belgium), a James Bond mug, a calendar, books... Natasha has seen *The Living Daylights* 74 times and *Licence to Kill* 53 times, and, to prove it, she recites, word for word, the opening sequences of both films. "When people ask me, 'Why do you believe in Bond?', I say to them, 'Why do you believe in God?'

"I really love Timothy Dalton, and Bond too. I love both, but Timothy is best." She writes to other fans around the country, and one day received a letter asking her to meet a new pen-fan. She turned up to find a crowd of schoolfriends, all wearing wigs and silly hats. They also started a rumour that Timothy was homosexual, which really upset her: "He's not, you know, and the affair with Vanessa Redgrave proves it, although she's far too old for him." Natasha is "not a party person", preferring to watch her videos—she has all the Bond ones, and the books. Recently she had her hair cut like Carey Lowell, who plays the latest Bond Girl. But it's not all Bond, her tastes roam wider. "Jane Eyre was a great TV series." (Dalton played Rochester.)

They started a rumour that he was homosexual. 'He's not, you know, and the affair with Vanessa Redgrave proves it, although she's far too old for him'

Mike, a 21 year-old undergraduate, also loves Timothy Dalton. He takes the opportunity to relive his favourite moment from *Licence to Kill*: "When the girl gives Sanchez the cheque, Bond has one eye closed... well, looking down the barrel of a gun actually, but the expression in the other eye is just... just incredible." He demonstrates "the look", an incredulous stare of hurt betrayal like a dog that's been kicked. Mike agrees that the Bond films could be offensively sexist—"*A View To A Kill* was appalling, and that was 1985, not 1965"—but he thinks that Dalton's post-Aids Bond is brimming with integrity. "He only has one woman at a time now." Besides, people misunderstand Bond. He'd never really got over Tracy, whom he married in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. It was a short-lived marriage, ended after about two minutes when the bride bought a bullet in the head, but it has left Bond emotionally scarred. At Tracy's polystyrene grave, on show at the exhibition, Mike is almost in tears.

Mike doesn't believe that Bond fans get things out of perspective. "At least we tolerate debate. I'm in the Richard III Society—this guy's been dead for 500 years but the historians are still fanatical about him. Someone was invited to give a lecture, and he talked about Henry VII. They threw things at him: 'Don't you dare mention that king's name in here.'" Mingling a bit, I found a little man wearing polyester slacks and a bomber jacket emblazoned with the words "Licensed to Kill". I wondered if it alarmed people in shops and bus queues—probably not, we are all desensitised now. I collared Jenny, a 19-year-old photography student. She thought that people who found the Bond films racist were probably taking them too seriously. She was more worried about the way they chopped them up to show on TV. She realised they had to interrupt them for adverts, but once, in a really exciting bit, they'd stopped for the news—that was going too far. Jenny's friend Jane, 17, was quite indignant when I asked her if she found the films sexist. She replied sharply: "I think a lot of women would love Bond to have his wicked way with them, don't you?" It was a rhetorical question, so I didn't answer. ●

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Mad or bad?

Jim Kay is locked up indefinitely in Broadmoor, but says there's nothing wrong with him. Jolyon Jenkins spoke to him

It was a simple business to interview Jim Kay, multiple rapist and child-killer—merely a question of turning up at Broadmoor and signing the visitors' book. Working up a concern for his civil liberties was rather harder.

Kay's criminal record is stomach-turning. At the age of 17 (then called Lang), he committed an indecent assault on a seven-year-old girl; the next year he was convicted of intercourse with an under-age girl. Three years after that, he was sent to prison for rape. Within six weeks of his release, he raped, slashed, bit and strangled the 12-year-old daughter of a neighbour, and hid her body in a ditch. At his trial, he pleaded guilty to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility, and was committed indefinitely to Broadmoor.

In 1981, he escaped over the wall—the first patient to do so in 15 years—but gave himself up after 48 hours. He was transferred to Park Lane Hospital in Liverpool. Then, in 1985, after 14 years in the special hospital system, seven consultant psychiatrists testified to a mental health review tribunal that Kay was not suffering from mental illness or psychopathic disorder. As a result, he was released on conditional discharge.

Seven months later, he struck again: on consecutive days, he attacked a girl of 16 and a woman of 21. The newspapers were outraged: they said that Kay should never have been released, and the Home Office revealed that it had strenuously opposed his discharge. He was sent to prison, where he spent four years in maximum-security solitary confinement. The day before he was due to be released, last September, the Home Secretary decided that enough was enough, and had him sent back to Broadmoor. That is where he now is, despite several legal appeals, until another tribunal is brave enough to give him an absolute discharge.

"Personality disorder is a frightening mesh to be caught in. Doctors say 'get well'. But there are no criteria on how to do it."

So, on the one hand, the wild psychopath of the newspaper cuttings and law reports; on the other, the friendly, intelligent, and lucid man who sat across the table from me, solicitously pouring tea. Kay, now 45, is six foot two, with a cricketer's physique, wiry grey hair, and a keen sense of injustice. He wants me to appreciate that he is doing me a big favour by granting me an interview: the tabloids have waved their cheque-books at him for years, he says. He tries to come up with items of gossip about Ronnie Kray and Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper (sitting with his mother-in-law at the next table).

It was hard to reconcile Kay's likeability with his appalling crimes. Perhaps the most perplexing thing about him is his desire to explain away all his offences as a mixture of bad luck, misunderstanding and intolerable pressure. On his first rape, for instance: "I was going with this woman on a regular basis: I'd been seeing her for three or four months and we'd been having regular sex. She came in late one night and her husband got suspicious. There wasn't one bruise on that woman, not one item of clothing ripped. She made up the rape charge because of her husband's pressure."

So what about the rape and savage killing of 12-year-old Susan Young? "I'd had a number of beers down my neck —I'd been heavily drinking for some time because I thought my wife was having sex with the child's father. I'd lost three or four jobs through this feeling and self-paranoia. Then one evening I came home. I had a pounding head, I'd just lost my job, and I sent my wife and the two children up to her old mother's and I had five or six valium and I was as high as a kite. Then the girl came to my door and in my own mind I was killing my wife. I put my wife's coat on her, and, due to the hallucinations I was having, I was convinced I was killing my wife. I didn't even know I had done it for three or four days after. Then I went down to the police and confessed."

He says he still feels deep remorse about the killing. "I couldn't come to terms with it for about five years. I don't pray for the girl because I know the girl is safe with the heavenly father [Kay, like Kray, has spent a lot of his time behind bars studying the Bible, and says he would like to become a monk if he ever gets out], but I do pray for her parents. But I still feel remorse for that, especially at Christmas time when I know full well that she would be a married woman now and have children of her own."

The two assaults he committed in 1986 he blames on the pressure from the local police. "I'd been having harassment from them ever since I came out—they came round and asked me about every violent or sexual crime that took place in the neighbourhood. They asked me how I got my sexual kicks. Did I have any pornographic material in my flat? Do I like little tight fannies? Do I like little pink tits? They said I should never have been let out: they should have hanged me in 1971." While under this pressure, he assaulted the first girl; then, the next day, when a woman approached him and started to act oddly, he panicked. He put a hand on her shoulder. She started to scream. He panicked some more, and pushed her to the ground; then he left the scene as quickly as possible.

His 1981 escape was important, he says, because he wanted to prove he would not reoffend. His clincher is this anecdote: "I walked into a tobacconist for a packet of fags, and had a chat, got the morning paper. I was just walking through the door and this ten-year-old paper girl ran over my sore foot [which he had hurt going over the wall], and I just patted her on the head, and she said, 'Oh, sorry', and I said, 'It's all right, love.'"

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However unconvincing these explanations are, they matter to Kay, because he clings to the notion that he is not mad, and should not be in Broadmoor. He has not been prescribed a single pill nor had any treatment since he has been in the system, he says, and has been interviewed by dozens of psychiatrists, who can find nothing medically wrong with him. So what right does the Home Secretary have to imprison him indefinitely in hospital?

The civil libertarian critique of what has happened to Kay goes along with that: hospitals are for people who are ill, not for people who behave badly. Moreover, everyone has the right to "due process": if they are to be deprived of their liberty, it shouldn't be as the result of an unchallengeable administrative decision. A 1981 landmark judgment of the European Court of Human Rights, *X* v *United Kingdom*, said that the Home Secretary did not have the right to lock people up and throw away the key: decisions on release had to be taken by an independent, quasi-judicial body. As a result, the mental health review tribunals were given the power to make an absolute discharge, which can't be countermanded by the Home Secretary.

But the way the Home Secretary has acted in Kay's case runs contrary to the spirit of that case. When Kay was jailed in 1986, the courts were clearly treating him as a criminal. He received no treatment or assessment in prison. "I was just left to rot," he says. At the end of his sentence, the Home Secretary had no more information on Kay's state of mind than at the beginning—which was that there was nothing wrong with him. But he still sent him back to Broadmoor. So, at some times Kay is called a criminal; at other times a lunatic, depending on which label is the handiest for the purposes of keeping him confined.

Ian Bynoe, legal director of MIND, puts the argument well: "A civilised society is one that puts the onus on those who wish to detain to make out the case for detention. Mr Kay is having to make all the running by proving a negative —that he is no longer dangerous, which is an almost impossible task to fulfil. Civilisation can often be measured on the extent to which it takes risks, because to run the system on a no-risk basis would cause a cruel and unnecessary infringement of liberty. In very many cases, people in prison, who remain dangerous, are released at the end of their sentence into a society that law and justice says must receive them again."

The most recent twist to Kay's story is that the latest Broadmoor doctor to see him has decided he *has* got a personality disorder, but that there is no treatment. But it is hard not to become cynical about the idea of an untreatable "personality disorder", or its common Broadmoor formulation, psychopathy. In what sense are these medical conditions at all? People get diagnosed as psychopaths because of what they do, but, as a way of *explaining* why they do it, it's no use at all: it's just a label.

Two psychiatrists who made a recent study of Broadmoor patients (Susanne Dell and Graham Robertson, *Sentenced to Hospital*, OUP) asked those who had been diagnosed as psychopaths whether they thought there was anything they themselves could do to secure their release. They all said that the only way was through good behaviour ("keeping your nose clean") and cooperation with treatment.

But what treatment? On average, the non-psychotic patients (that is, those not suffering from mental illnesses like schizophrenia) Dell and Robertson interviewed had spent eight years in the hospital, and, during at least two-thirds of this time, the only treatment they received was that of "being there". "Being there" is dignified by the term "milieu therapy": One patient commented: "What it means is that if you lock a man up, he can't get into trouble." Another argued: "Personality disorder is a frightening mesh to be caught in ... the doctors say 'get on and get well'. But there are no criteria on how to do it." A third put it more bluntly: "Treatment for psychopaths? It's like the emperor's clothes."

2 THE SUN, Tuesday, April 15, 1986

HURD FURY OVER PSYCHO LET OUT TO STRIKE AGAIN

Doctors cleared girl's killer

HOME SECRETARY Douglas Hurd last night blasted medical experts over the case of a sex monster who struck again after being freed from a "life sentence."

Psychopath James Kay served 14 years behind bars for butchering a schoolgirl to death.

He was released from a top-security hospital on the recommendation of doctors and savagely attacked two women six months later.

Last night, after Kay was jailed for six years, Mr Hurd said he regretted the decision to let him out of Liverpool's Park Lane Hospital.

By GORDON BROOME

CLAIM

In a statement, the Home Office said they believed Kay was not fit to be released—but a Mental Health Review Tribunal disagreed.

They said they had no power to veto any tribunal decision, but added: "The Home Secretary regrets that Kay was considered by consultants to be suitable for release and that the tribunal saw fit to agree with that recommendation."

And in the Commons Tory MP Geoffrey Dickens demanded a Government investigation into the case.

HOPE

Mr Dickens said the rules must be changed to prevent "murderers" being released back onto an unsuspecting public.

He added: "God knows what the parents of the girl he killed must think about justice in Britain."

Lancaster Crown Court heard yesterday that Kay, 40, was freed on licence from Park Lane last April.

He had been transferred there from Broadmoor where he was sent on a life committal order in 1971 after being convicted of the rape and manslaughter of 12-year-old churchgirl Susan Young.

Kay, a divorced father of three, stabbed her 28 times with a broken bottle.

PLAN

After his release, Kay tried to choke a 16-year-old girl and a 21-year-old woman.

His counsel, Mr David Turner-Samuels, QC, said the decision in free Kay—who had convictions dating back 24 years—was "tragic."

Kay, of Southport, admitted the attacks.

Judge Douglas Brown, QC, told him: "You are a very dangerous man."

The Sun says—Page Six

Douglas Hurd . . . angry

Killer James Kay . . . he attacked two girls

We can't believe it!

THE SISTER of monster James Kay's schoolgirl victim Susan Young told yesterday of her horror after learning he had been released from a top-security hospital.

Mrs Jackie Williamson said: "He is a dangerous man but he obviously knows what he is doing.

"I just can't believe that doctors could let him go after what he did."

Jackie was only eight when 12-year-old Susan was killed. She is now married, but still lives in the girls' childhood home town of Wigan.

Her husband Kevin said: "This man doesn't deserve to live. I would not believe it when I heard he had been released."

How the *Sun* reacted to Kay's reconviction in April 1986

It's a point of view borne out by what the doctors themselves said. Dell and Robertson report that: "Frequently the doctors were unable to point to any particular type of treatment that was appropriate for the condition said to cause the offending behaviour. In some cases, even after years in Broadmoor, consultants were unable to say what they thought had led the men to offend, let alone suggest a remedy." The reasons doctors gave for releasing people were terribly vague, like "improvement in personality", or "increased maturity". But what really mattered was how long someone had spent in Broadmoor; and, the more serious the crime, the longer doctors thought the "treatment" should last. In other words, doctors had their own covert sentencing tariff, based on punitive rather than therapeutic considerations, and the longer they kept someone in, the less chance there was of being embarrassed by releasing someone who reoffended. For the patient, "cooperation with treatment" was really no more than doing your time.

For Kay, therapy consists, he says, of "sitting in a day room 15 hours a day, going out of my head with boredom, TV or radio going full blast, with one overflowing toilet for 15-20 men". He finds the company uncongenial: "They're that cabbaged you can't have a sensible conversation with any of them. Most of them are talking gibberish."

The way out of the difficulty, suggest Dell and Robertson, is to stop sentencing "psychopathic" patients to indeterminate stays in hospital. Instead, they should be given custodial sentences, which could be served either in hospital or in prison, at the choice of the prisoner. The two strands —therapy and incarceration—would be separated: doctors wouldn't have to make impossible decisions about whether or not someone has been "cured" of a disease that doesn't really exist.

For Jim Kay, it would mean being treated like any other murderer and rapist. He would still probably be in prison, but could apply for parole and would eventually get it. But all the state cares about is that he remains locked up, and will use whatever tools are at its disposal. If that means going along with the fiction that Kay is mad, then too bad. ●

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EXCLUSIVE

Carry on spying?

De Klerk and Mandela are talking, but intelligence operations against the ANC seem to be continuing, says Duncan Campbell

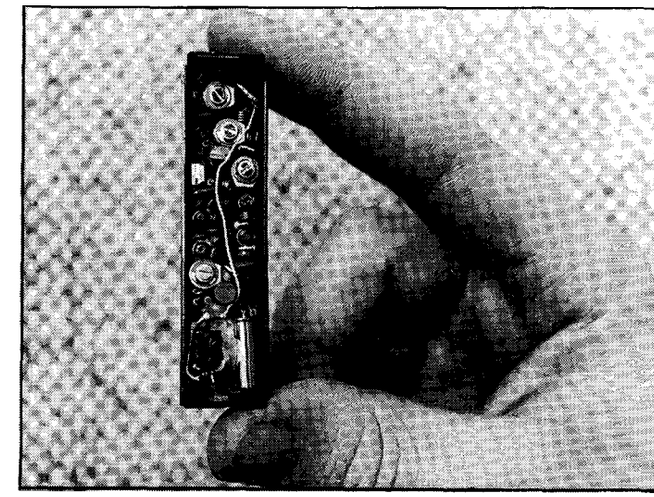
Hopes that South Africa's long international "dirty tricks" campaign against the African National Congress might have come to an end were dashed this week by the discovery of a surveillance operation against an ANC member living in London. Harold Wolpe, who legally assisted Nelson Mandela at his first trial in the early 1960s and is now a major ANC intellectual, has just discovered that his telephone has been bugged secretly for at least 15 months, and perhaps for far longer.

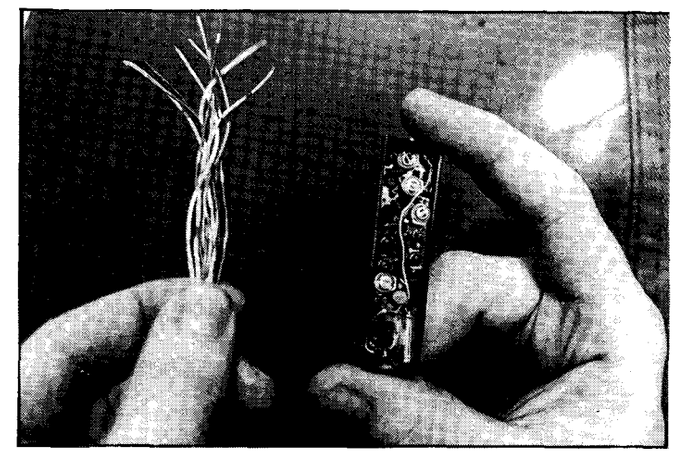
White South Africa has financed and directed surveillance operations and attacks on its enemies in London, principally the ANC and the Anti-Apartheid Movement, for more than 20 years. Wolpe, now reader in sociology at Essex University, is very active in the movement and is frequently visited by ANC figures and officials. He has long been a close friend of Joe Slovo, another leading expatriate ANC member, who is also the General Secretary of the South African Communist Party. In August 1982, Wolpe himself was lucky not to be present when a South African bomb murdered Slovo's wife, Ruth First, in Maputo, Mozambique. Slovo, like other ANC figures who have featured on discovered South African hit lists, often stays in Wolpe's London home, most recently this spring.

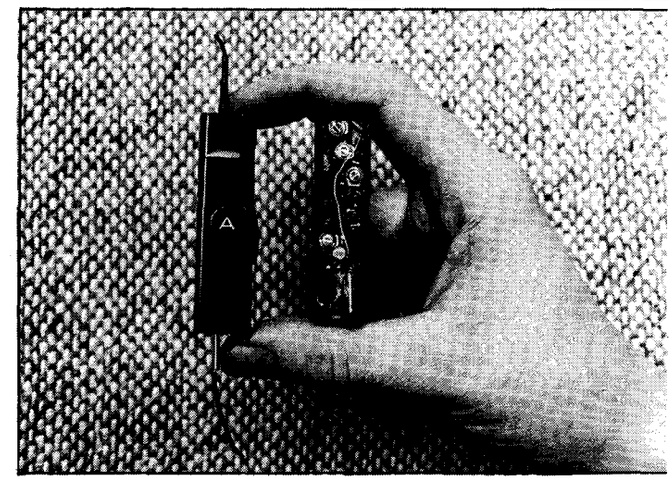
Wolpe and a fellow lawyer, Arthur Goldreich, caused grave embarrassment to Pretoria when they escaped from Johannesburg police cells in 1963. The two had played major roles in helping the ANC covertly purchase a farm at Rivonia for insurrectionary purposes, a plan for which Nelson Mandela and many other leading ANC figures were jailed in 1964. Had they not escaped, Wolpe and Goldreich could have faced life imprisonment or the death sentence. After his escape from gaol, and then South Africa, Wolpe became one of the major Marxist theoreticians of South African nationalism, and has recently been one of the intellectuals representing the ANC in discussions with leading Afrikaners.

This weekend at Wolpe's house in Muswell Hill, London, I discovered two telephone tap transmitter "bugs" which had secretly been attached to the lines to his house. Wolpe and his family did not know about the bugs, but had been alerted to the possible surveillance three weeks earlier, when they were mysteriously sent tapes of telephone calls they had made from their home during June 1989.

The two transmitter bugs were concealed inside a small, watertight package connected by two metres of cable to British Telecom's junction box, on the outside front wall of Wolpe's house. The extra cables were tied to genuine TV and phone cables, and members of the family had believed that the package was an amplifier for their TV. Inside the package were two square black boxes, 6cm long. When either telephone line was used, the bugs transmitted a signal which, in turn, activated a tape recorder at a listening post and recorded all that was said. One of the bugs was marked as transmitting on channel "A", the other on channel "D". Each would be received by a separate radio, with its own







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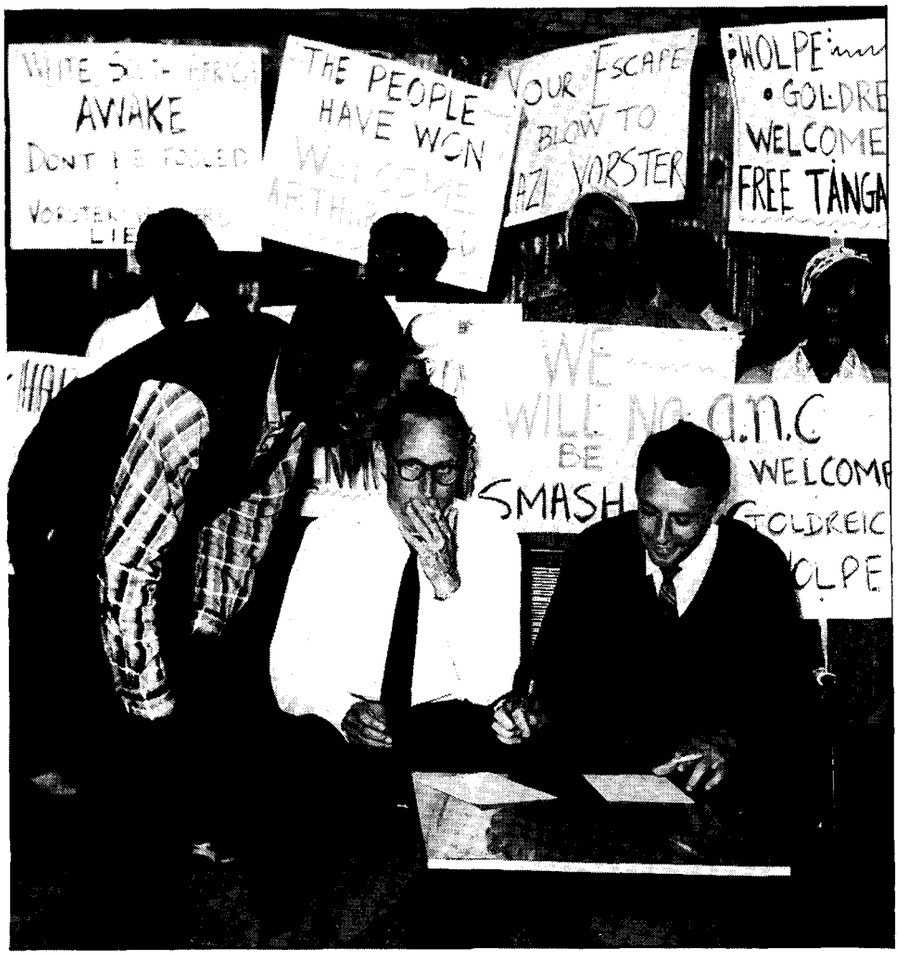
tape recorder.

The bugs gave no direct clue as to their country of origin or manufacturer, but are likely to have been produced commercially in Britain or Europe. They are typical of telephone-tapping equipment sold by a small group of firms in London and the home counties. The surveillance equipment had been fitted relatively professionally, although it was not well concealed. The use of such bugs is an offence against both the Interception of Communications Act and the Wireless Telegraphy Act. Nonetheless, they are sold openly, usually through mail order. Industrial espionage and computer "hacking" expert Hugo Cornwall estimates from published accounts that more than 5,000 bugs a year are sold by each of the biggest London bugging firms. "There's a lot of commercial activity in this area," he said. "We do not know where they're all going and who's using them."

Wolpe has not yet reported the bugging operations to the police or the Special Branch. The ANC had never seen fruitful results from such police inquiries in the past, he said. On previous occasions, they just "took the equipment and the evidence away and you never heard from them again".

Technical tests earlier this week indicated that each bug transmits a short-range UHF signal that might be received up to 100 metres away. But extensive enquiries among Wolpe's neighbours have not so far revealed the location of the listening post. The area now includes many rented flats, several of which have recently been empty or could have been used to direct surveillance plots. Wolpe's house backs directly on to a large area of woodland.

Although there is not yet any direct evidence as to who planted the bug, it is entirely consistent with a pattern of South African intelligence activities in London discovered over the past 15 years, in which Embassy-based intelligence staff have used private detectives and criminals to spy on or attack the ANC. The only question in the minds of senior ANC officials this week is which intelligence faction in Pretoria might be responsible. "Generally, these operations are official," a senior ANC source said, "but there are different sections. At another level there is a sort of open contract for any freelancer who wants to have a go."



AP

Left, the bugs found concealed on an outside wall of Harold Wolpe's house. Above (sitting, left to right), Harold Wolpe and Arthur Goldreich, who escaped from the South African police in 1963

In 1987, four men were charged in London with conspiracy to kidnap ANC officials. The Director of Public Prosecutions dropped the case before trial, claiming that there was insufficient evidence. The ANC's chief representative in London tried to bring a civil action against the would-be kidnappers, who were found in possession of a kidnap "hit list", which named Joe Slovo. The kidnap plot revelations confirmed information obtained two years before, when an Irishman approached the ANC with what appeared to be official South African information about their targets. He told them that a bounty of £100,000 was on offer for killing or kidnapping Slovo.

In 1982, two agents hired by South Africa were jailed at the Old Bailey. Edward Aspinall, a burglar, had been recruited to burgle the ANC's offices in London. Police suspected that the second man jailed, Peter Caselton, was connected with a terrorist bomb attack on the ANC's offices earlier the same year. Two years later, another bomb was detonated at the Penton Street offices. Fortunately, no one was killed or injured. The Anti-apartheid Movement's headquarters in Mandela Street, Camden, has also been the subject of burglaries and arson attacks.

In November last year, South African intelligence defector Captain Dirk Coetzee—the man who revealed the operations of South African death squads—told newspapers that explosives for the ANC bomb attack had been smuggled to London in the diplomatic bag. The South African agent who had planted the bomb had been decorated for his work, although he was in gaol in Britain for burglary at the time.

Remarkably, the South Africans must have conducted their surveillance operation against Wolpe under the nose of police anti-terrorist checks in the street. Education Secretary John MacGregor lives only a few doors away from the Wolpe family and MacGregor's home is continually watched. Despite the police presence, the agents were able to plant their bugs, undetected, on at least two occasions, on the front wall of Wolpe's house. A second set of bugging cables, which were also attached to the wall, showed that the bugs found last week had replaced an earlier installation. Paint on the cables showed that the new bugs had been installed before June this year, when pipework was repainted.

The discovery of the bugs follows an anonymous phone call to the Wolpes early in September by a man who said he had discovered two tape cassettes on moving into a new house. He had listened to conversations on the tapes which had identified the Wolpe family. "They seem to be tapes of your telephone calls," the caller explained. He refused to reveal his identity or where he had found the tapes. Two weeks later, two cassettes arrived, each marked with dates in June 1989. There is no doubt that the tapes are authentic, as the family recognised calls they had then made. The person who found the tapes, who has so far identified himself only as "Mike", claimed in a note that he had "no idea how it came to be in my house". He has not been traced.

In an apparently unconnected incident, Harold Wolpe recalls that, at the start of 1989, two long recordings were left on his answering machine. The recordings appeared to have been made through listening bugs placed in the ANC's offices in Islington, London.

Like this month's incident, it is not entirely clear whether the recordings were meant to intimidate Wolpe, or warn him. But both events have brought back unpleasant memories. When he escaped from Marshall Square police station in Johannesburg, with the assistance of his wife Anne-Marie, the South African establishment was enraged. Interrogating Anne-Marie the next day, the police commander said, "It doesn't matter where he goes, we'll get him one day." ●

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Revenge of the gazelles

Don't assume the third world will acquiesce in continued neutralisation after the Gulf blows over, says Radhakrishnan Nayar

In its international ramifications, the present Middle Eastern crisis shares one poignant and underpublicised feature with the Middle Eastern confrontation of 1973. We are currently being inundated with self-righteous pontification by western journalists and politicians, in the role of upholders of international order and justice, on the sins of Saddam Hussein. Yet the third world really stands to lose far more than the west does. For India, Bangladesh and Pakistan, whose economies have for many years benefited greatly from the flow of remittances from their nationals working in the Gulf, this loss is already a tragic reality. And, of course, oil-importing third-world nations, many of which are the world's poorest, will suffer the most as a result of rising oil prices.

But, for the world as a whole, the most significant aspect of the Gulf crisis lies in a crucial difference between it and the events of 1973. Then, when Henry Kissinger warned the Middle Eastern countries participating in the oil embargo not to push the west too far, snarling, "You are gazelles in a world of lions," his threat was an empty one. The lions, in those days of cold war, neutralised one another by their mutual antagonism. That factor is now absent. The collapse of the Soviet Union's capacity and incentive to balance the west strategically has automatically increased the global power of the western bloc. Today, neither the Arab countries that are on the west's side, nor Iraq, can afford to ignore threats from Washington. In the Gulf crisis, the western powers led by Washington have, accordingly, taken matters into their own hands with a self-confidence not seen for decades. The Soviet Union, China and the third world, including large countries like India with a lot to lose in the affair, have been reduced to the role of bemused, if acquiescent, spectators.

The third world is too large and important for its strategic marginalisation to be feasible

What does this monopolisation by the west of the resolution of the Gulf crisis portend? Does the palpable increase in western power presage a stabler world order, ensuring, with Soviet and Chinese acquiescence, the strategic neutralisation of the third world such that its turbulent national and social conflicts cease to draw in the great powers or set them at odds? In an important article in the *NSS* (7 September), Professor Paul Hirst gives an affirmative answer.

The unimpeachable virtue of Hirst's argument is that it has no truck with the kind of befogging liberal triumphalism of which Francis Fukuyama, an American analyst of international affairs, has become the most fashionable exponent. Hirst's article is informed throughout by a sense of how *problematic* the international situation has been rendered by the disappearance of cold-war certainties. Hirst states, "...the Gulf crisis at least partly confirms the 'realist' approach to international relations. The 'realists' argue that while the world order is made up of independent states, many of them formidably armed, then the potential for conflicts of interest between states means that any state that wants to protect its interests must match the military capacity of the others. The danger of war is therefore built into the international system. This danger exists without reference to the ideological motivations or the systems of government of the states in question."

In this "realist" reading of the emerging global order, Hirst goes on, the US, after the collapse of the Soviet challenge, is pre-eminent as *the* world power, and can be expected to pursue short-term selfish interests—such as the flow of relatively cheap oil from the Gulf—and not simply to underpin and promote a world based on liberal democracy and free trade. Recognition of this *arrière-pensée* of US policy should make the western left vigilant as to the extent to which the US can be trusted: the champion of liberalism should never be confused with the seeker after selfish hegemony. In the unfolding future, the US can be expected to adopt both roles.

Of the third world's prospects in the post-cold-war age, Hirst states: "Third-world states that challenge the US or threaten vital interests of the west face domination—not old-style colonial occupation, but the restriction of their leaderships and policies to those coincident with western interests, by force if need be." Hirst then suggests that an essential step towards a safer world would be the establishment of the dual nuclear hegemony of the US and the Soviet Union—if necessary, by forcible means.

All in all, Hirst takes for granted the basis of the western

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Peter Schrank

right's unstated analysis of today's international situation—the assumption that third-world nations can now do very little to upset the hegemonic control of the rich countries, provided these remain reasonably united in their determination to scotch challenges to their power and the rules it imposes. The disappearance of the Soviet Union as the patron of third-world nations disposed to pursue policies unsanctioned by the west has seen to that. One can add—though Hirst does not say so himself—that China is hardly strong enough to fill the role abandoned by the Soviet Union. Hirst's proposals for the western left's future policies in this situation are really about how it can survive in a world now definitively re-established as a rich countries' one, and the desirability of the left's seeking, albeit somewhat forlornly, to moderate the cynicism of the victors' policies. His plea that something should be done for the world's poor is addressed to the rich nations' consciences, not their sense of self-interest.

I believe that this "realist" assessment of the problems of the world system is as profoundly misleading in its own way as the vacuous optimism of Fukuyama. In the first place, Hirst's argument blurs the distinction between the potential of rich nations to adopt united anti-third-world policies and their actual achievements to date. The US actions in the Gulf presage such a policy, but it is far from an accomplished fact now. And a good deal can happen in the time lag between the emergence of such a trend and its actual fruition.

Uncle Sam, far from cutting a conquering figure, is likely very soon to resemble a monster trapped in a swamp

Large third-world nations—for example, India, Indonesia, Brazil—are not likely to overlook the international *power* implications of US policy. In such countries, those who advocate acquiring nuclear and other deterrent weapons are likely to gain far greater credibility than hitherto, due to a sense of the urgency of taking steps to maintain the level of national dignity and independence which these nations derived from the now defunct cold-war stand-off between the superpowers. By the time an American-led security system designed to nullify third-world deterrent weapons capability becomes a practical reality, the size and complexity of the phenomenon it was created to wipe out will have greatly grown. That is to say, a large degree of third-world acquisition of such weapons has to be reckoned with, and the more the US exhibits power-political pro-

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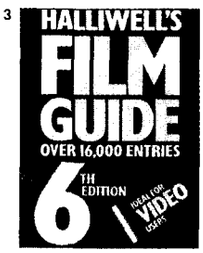

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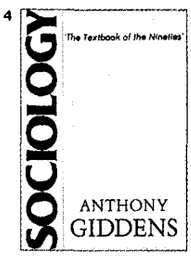

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clivities, the more certain this prospect becomes.

Moreover, the assumption that rich nations will necessarily act as a bloc in regard to key strategic issues, which is the basis of Hirst's scenario, is flawed on several counts. The rich nations are united by their commitment to capitalism and, rather more selectively, liberal democracy, but they are trading rivals. Hirst has overlooked the strategic implications of that crucial factor. Yet it is obvious that particular western nations, which might be keen to act against third-world recalcitrants with large economies (and only such nations are capable of seriously asserting their independence), are likely to suffer trade boycotts in parts of the third world that are becoming increasingly important in the world economy. With the greatest western power, the US, losing its technological lead in many important fields, third-world non-conformers to American security policies, of the hawkish type outlined by Hirst, will suffer far less from US hostility in future, provided their economic potential is sufficient to induce America's trading rivals to circumvent American embargoes.

Remember that the hypothetical third-world "enemies" of American policy we have in mind will have capitalist economies, often with large western investments, unlike the communist-controlled nations against whom the US has organised successful economic and technological embargoes. It is one thing to set up united western machinery to keep advanced technology from a Soviet Union ruled by Stalin or Brezhnev, or to create a consensual western policy toward an out-and-out thug like Saddam, but quite another to seek similar stances against countries like India and Indonesia, which have been sensible members of the international community for a long time, and which could only enter an adversorial category because of a garish enlargement of American hegemonial ambition.

The self-regarding use of power by the US, which the present situation abets, will itself create ill-feeling and splits in the western bloc—offering independent-minded third-world nations further leeway. In addition, many political changes in third-world nations, which the US might deem hostile to its interests, could take place through internal upheavals, in some cases perhaps assisted by unpoliceable movements of small arms. Nor should one underestimate the effectiveness of "passive" third-world resistance to western policies, whereby governments, ostensibly friendly to the west, turn a blind eye to subversion of western interests.

The basic reason why the expectation that third-world leaderships and policies can be readily moulded to suit American or western interests in the emerging world order is naïve is that it ignores the power of nationalism. We ought to realise by now that nationalism is a force that can drive ruling élites beyond self-interest in the narrow sense. Nor will there be any lack of challenges to the power of pro-American ruling élites in the third world. The eclipse of socialism in any radical sense as a viable alternative for third-world nations is likely to lead to a sharp increase in the role of religion, nationalism and communalism in their politics, as outlets for acute social discontents. Not liberal enlightenment, but heightened nationalism is the wave of the future in the third world, for quite solid economic and social reasons overlooked by liberal enthusiasts of the Fukuyama variety—let alone the new sense of threat that increased western power and assertiveness will create. And what, in fact, is better calculated to provide a focus of nationalist hatreds in the third world than the kind of policing effort against it which Hirst suggests will be increasingly undertaken by the US? Uncle Sam, far from cutting a conquering figure around the third world, is likely very soon to resemble a monster trapped in a swamp; a latter-day Canute trying to stay the waves of inevitable political and economic changes in societies that, after all, constitute the vast majority of mankind.

In the immediate future I would expect to see a great increase in tensions between such countries as India and Pakistan, as the drive toward acquiring deterrent weapons by large third-world nations sharpens established mutual resentments. War, including the use of nuclear weapons, can by no means be ruled out in such circumstances. Large and ambitious third-world nations may not confront the great powers directly; but they are likely to confront each other, and draw the great powers into their scrimmages. It is a fantasy to believe that these powers can remain outside such struggles, or merely respond in an objective policing role. In future third-world conflicts where the rights and wrongs are less obvious than in the case of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, a united response from the great powers is by no means a foregone conclusion. And such struggles will matter because some contestants will win and others will lose, changing countries' strategic environments. The nationalist and/or religious causes underlying them will evoke different responses among the great powers. This is all the more likely because two of the great powers, Russia and China, do not share the liberal traditions binding the rest. For example, a quite plausible scenario is that China and India could tacitly support Arab nationalists seeking to overthrow a successor regime to Saddam Hussein's, which proves flagrantly subservient to Washington, with the Soviet Union adopting a studied neutrality. (The fact that the Soviet Union, even in its present state of weakness and extreme confusion, is adopting a less adamant stance toward Iraq than the US would like, is a telling straw in the wind. It is not difficult to divine the Soviets' inner calculation: let the brave Americans jump right into it and end by earning lasting Arab hatred.) If India and Pakistan go to war over Kashmir, neither China nor the Soviet Union would remain indifferent. The rise of Islamic separatism in Soviet Asia will gladden Beijing's heart. And so on. Does Hirst seriously think that the west will stand aside nobly from such power contests?

The self-regarding use of power by the US, which the present situation abets, will itself create ill-feeling and splits in the western bloc

What my argument implies is that the attempt to work out a stable world order for the post-cold-war age on the basis of the "realist" assumption that "states will be states" is a fruitless exercise. The third world is too large and important, and will find it too easy to acquire deterrent weapons, for its strategic marginalisation to be feasible. Concentration of nuclear weapons in US or Soviet hands, even if this were feasible (of course it is not), would only lead to the corruption of these "guardians" by their unchecked power over the rest of mankind. There *is* an important element of truth in the good old liberal faith that recognition of economic rationality should make nations realise that aggrandisement of power in the international arena is a self-defeating game. But this liberal axiom is misleading when, as in the case of Fukuyama's thesis, it leads to the assumption that liberal economics and politics should enable *all* nations to solve their problems. In much of the third world, unaided liberalism holds no answer for the kind of urgent human necessities whose frustration leads to destructive political developments. In the post-cold-war age of increased international instability, the rich nations have a vital interest *in helping liberalism to win* in the third world through sensible infusions of material aid. Such a concerted drive to achieve a basic equalisation of economic conditions globally offers the only hope for a stabler world order. ●

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ARCHITECTURE

A black box

the secret profession of architecture

What's the point of architecture? Reyner Banham unmasks its secrets; Rowan Moore raps its cult of "public space"; and Janet Abrams takes a trip through the disarray of architectural London

Jacek Depczyk

The difference between Wren and Hawksmoor, I have finally decided, is that Hawksmoor was an architect and Wren was not. This judgment may seem foolhardy, but it is not deliberately perverse. It has been forced on me by some months of visiting the Lloyd's building *chantier*, which gave me a chance to revisit St Paul's and sundry City churches I had not seen since student days. And it struck me that even when Wren was being as clever as he was in widening the central bay in each arcade at St Mary-le-Bow, or as inventive as he was in the upper parts of St Stephen Walbrook, he still was not doing whatever it was that Hawksmoor had done to make great architecture out of as humdrum a concept as the interior of St Mary Woolnoth.

The distinction I am making is not between different temperaments or levels of creative genius, but between fundamental modes of designing. Nor are the consequences of the architectural mode necessarily beautiful. Some pretty ugly stuff happens in the lantern of the mausoleum of the Dulwich Art Gallery, for instance, yet the result leaves us in no doubt that Sir John Soane was an absolute architect.

Whatever this mode, attitude or presence may be, one can recognise it—in the bottom of Philip Johnson's AT&T building, for example, but not in its middle or its top, nor in most other works of programmatic postmodernism. Its absence from Charles Jencks's own house in London, in spite of all its erudition *about* architecture, seems to confirm what the recent work of Robert Stern (but not, I think, of Robert Venturi) had been strongly suggesting. That reliance on erudition alone leaves postmodernism in the same relation to architecture as female impersonation to femininity. It

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is not architecture, but building in drag.

I propose to treat the architectural mode or presence as a classic "black box", recognised by its output though unknown in its contents. It is not to be mistaken for "good design", since architecture is often conspicuously present—in the work of Lutyens for instance—in buildings that are pretty dumb designs from other points of view. To separate architecture from good design in this way may unsettle those who do not question the mythologies by which architecture has operated for some six centuries now, but it does not imply that the two are incompatible; simply that one can have either without the other.

The situation has been much muddled by the tendency of the modern movement, since the time of William Morris, to gather up all decent buildings into the rubric of "architecture". This was a warm, friendly and egalitarian thing to do, but it must now seem as historically crude and as perniciously confusing as Nikolaus Pevsner's proposition that Lincoln Cathedral is architecture and a bicycle shed is not. The distinction was made on the basis that Lincoln Cathedral had aesthetic pretensions and bike sheds don't.

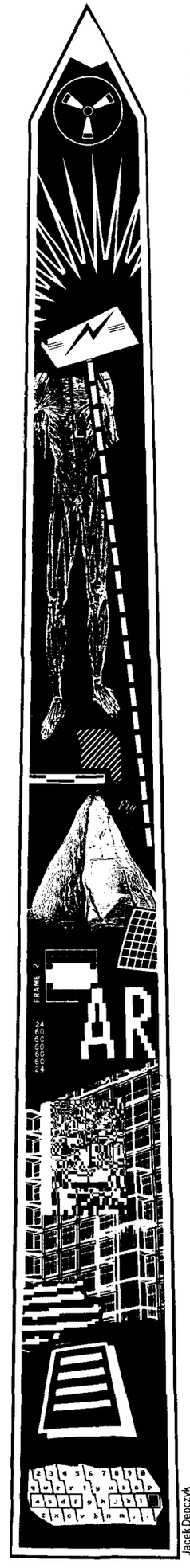
This was not only a piece of academic snobbery that can only offend a committed cyclist like myself, but also involves a supposition about sheds that is so sweeping as to be almost racist. How can he know that any particular bicycle shed, or even the whole typology of "bicycle shed" in general, was conceived without aesthetic intention? What one can know by practised observation, however (and what Pevsner may even have meant), is that cathedrals (including ugly ones) are generally designed *modo architectorum*, and bicycle sheds (even handsome ones) are more commonly done in one of the numerous other modes of designing buildings available.

Such is the cultural prestige of the purely architectural mode, however, within the protected area of "western civilisation", that most of us get brainwashed into believing that it is synonymous with "good design" or even "the design of buildings". The modern movement has done itself little good in promoting this muddle, because it thereby undermines one of its own most useful polemical devices. For, in spite of this inclusivist approach, there has been a long tradition—from before Adolf Loos to after Cedric Price—of using comparisons with certifiably non-architectural objects, from peasant crafts to advanced electronics, to reveal how bad regular architectural designing had become. Quite a lot of these paragons were indeed buildings, and good ones at that, but once they, in their turn, had become incorporated into the architectural canon, they lost their critical power and left the body of architecture confused rather than reformed.

Let us then re-divorce what should never have been joined together in this opportunistic marriage-of-convenience. Throw out all the Zulu kraals, grain-elevators, hogans, lunar excursion modules, cruck-houses, Farman biplanes and so forth, and look again at "this thing called architecture" in its own right, as one of a number of thinkable modes of design which, for some reason, has come to occupy a position of cultural privilege in relation to the construction industry.

What then would distinguish the products of this black box from those of other thinkable modes? Functional or environmental performance? Beauty of form or deftness of space? Truth to materials or structural efficiency? These are all qualities for which the architectural profession habitually congratulates itself, but a Buckminster Fuller dome or an Eskimo igloo can usually beat architecture on all six counts, and so can a lot of other buildings, ships, air liners, inflatables and animal lairs. So why do we not admit that what distinguishes architecture is not *what* is done—since, on their good days, all the world and his wife can apparently do it better—but *how* it is done.

We can distinguish that "how" in two crucial ways in the actual behaviour of architects as they perform their allotted



Jacek Depczyk

tasks as building designers. The first is that architects—almost uniquely among modern design professionals—propose to assume responsibility for all of those six aspects of good building set out above, and to be legally answerable to the client for their proper delivery. Other professions (such as electrical and mechanical engineering) notoriously avoid such overall responsibilities, preferring to remain at one remove from the wrath of clients as "consultants"; hired guns who, like minor war criminals, "were only carrying out orders". Or, to be less offensive to engineers, a body of men who are too prone to say, for instance, "You design your concert hall any old shape you like, and I'll try and sort out the acoustics," rather than "That's a stupid shape for a concert hall, this will work a lot better."

However, this willingness to assume responsibility is only what makes architects a noble profession. It is not what makes them architects, as Lethaby seems to have perceived in his arguments against professionalisation at the beginning of the century. What makes them architects, and recognisable as such, is usually easiest to demonstrate anecdotally, beginning with that oft-repeated story of the architect who, when asked for a pencil that could be used to tighten the tourniquet on the limb of a person bleeding to death in the street, carefully enquired "Will a 2B do?"

The point of such stories is that they unconsciously reveal not only the fundamental value-system on which architects operate, but the narrowness of that system, and the unspoken—or unspeakable—assumptions on which it rests. The more revealing of these stories tend to originate from that crucial attitude-forming situation, the design crit in the architectural school studio.

In a telling example from my own experience, I once found myself defending point by point a student design for a penthouse apartment that had been failed by my academic colleagues. I secured their agreement that it fulfilled all the requirements of the programme, was convenient in its spatial dispositions, well lit, buildable on the roof-structure in question and that all this could be seen in the drawing pinned up for judgment. But the drawing was scratchily done in ball-point on one sheet of what appeared to be institutional toilet paper; an "insult to architecture", the year master announced, thus making it clear that, for him, the effective design of buildings was apparently something other than "architecture".

One could easily multiply such instances where, it seems, some secret value system applies, often at variance with the verbal expressions used in explanation. Everyone around architecture schools knows students who are convinced (rightly, in about one case in five) that they have been failed "because I don't draw in the right style", in spite of faculty assurances to the contrary. And most of us can remember crits that finished with the pronouncement, "Sorry...It's very clever/beautiful/sensitive, but it isn't architecture, you know!"

These instances are no less weighty for being "only about school". That is where architects are socialised into the profession (as the great Jane Abercrombie used to phrase it) and they acquire attitudes, work-habits and values that will stay with them for life. Their persistence is neatly shown in the current modes of "engineering" high-tech buildings: the types of visible structures preferred by architects and the ways in which they detail them, neither of which would ever occur to engineers left to their own devices as "problem solvers". Admittedly, there are structural engineers like Peter Rice and Tony Hunt, who seem to glory in their complicity in architects' scheming; and the doyen of the profession in Britain at the moment, Frank Newby, did say to me recently that if architects want to "indulge in this kind of structural exhibitionism, then I can help them!"

The key phrase there is *this kind.* Engineers also enjoy structural exhibitionism, but architects have their own version, both in the choice and organisation of the larger forms and—even more intensely—in the marshalling and profiling

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of the smaller ones. The Lloyd's building, to pick an obvious instance—but Norman Foster's Renault Centre or Hopkins's Schlumberger labs at Cambridge would serve equally well—exhibits preferences and scruples, not to say obsessions, that one does not commonly find in regular engineering design. Compare forms and details of the structure of the Pompidou Centre with what it is so often jokingly compared with—an oil refinery—and you will see that there is *no* comparison, except at the level of a joke. There is, above all, a kind of pickiness over details that shows up in regular engineering only when a total stranger wanders in from another field, as did Henry Royce or Ettore Bugatti in the early days of the automobile.

For the sources of these differences of professional behaviour, one need look no further than the place where architects are socialised into their profession, the studio. Anthropologists have been known to compare the teaching studio to a tribal long-house; the place and the rituals pursued there are almost unique in the annals of western education. One of the things that sustains this uniqueness is the frequency with which students are discouraged from pursuing modes of design that come from outside the studio. Usually, the discouragement need be no more than veiled or oblique, but when schools were under radical pressure in the early seventies, many students will have heard something which I personally heard at that time, the blunt directive: "Don't bother with all that environmental stuff, just get on with the architecture!"

How does one "get on with the architecture", forsaking all other modes? What is it, in other words, that architects uniquely do? The answer, alas, is that they do "architecture", and we are thus back at the black box with which we began. But we have recently been vouchsafed an accidental view of what the contents of that black box might be, because of an interesting story that has emerged from recent writing by, and about, Christopher Alexander and his "timeless way of building". Looking back on the early days of his "pattern language", he revealed one of its apparent failures to his biographer, Stephen Grabow:

> Bootleg copies of the pattern language were floating up and down the west coast, and people would come and show me the projects they had done, and I began to be more and more amazed that, although it worked, all these projects looked like any other buildings of our time...still belonged perfectly within the canons of mid-century architecture.

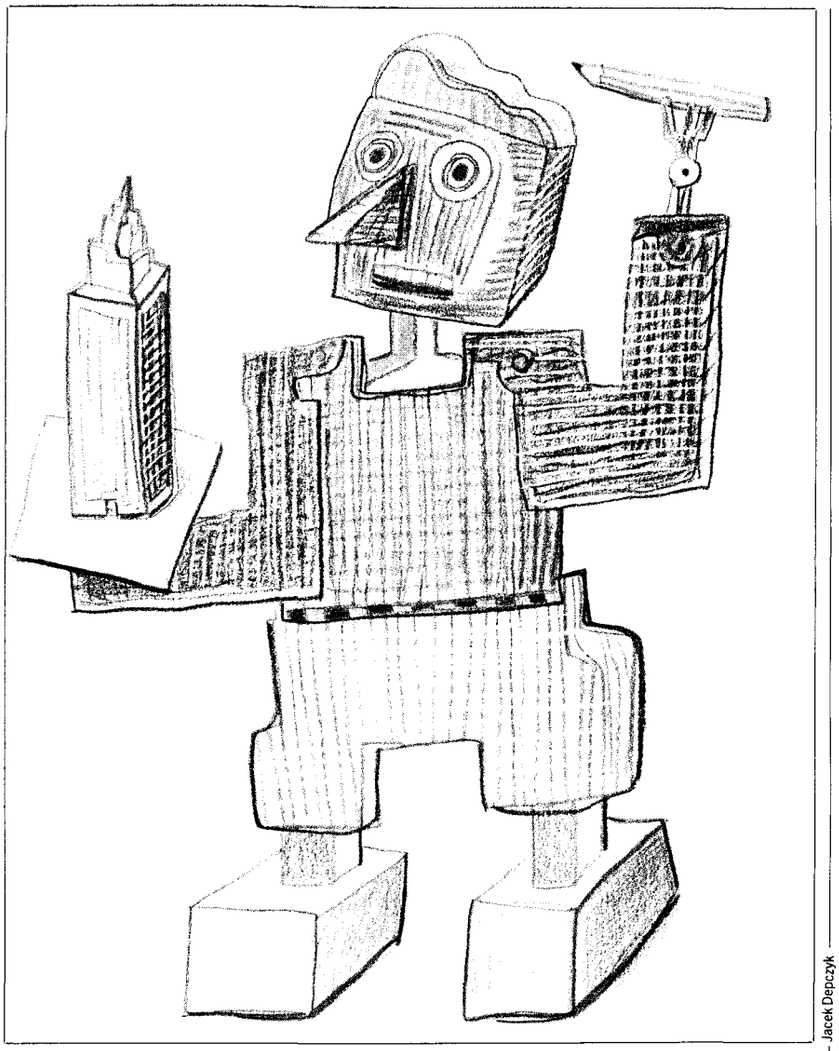
Now, if one hoped that the pattern language would be a revolutionary way of designing buildings, a new paradigm in architecture comparable with the Copernican revolution in cosmology, then clearly the project had failed and further research was indeed needed. But, in another light, the failure of the pattern language to change the nature of architectural design could be seen as something of a triumph: an unwitting first-approximation description of what architects actually do when they do architecture. It certainly does not tally with what architects normally claim that they do (explicit and implicit procedures are at variance in many professions), but it may still provide at least an analogy with the mental sets that students subliminally acquire in the studio long-house.

The heart of Alexander's matter is the concept of a "pattern", which is a sort of package of ideas and forms which can be subsumed under a label as commonplace as "comfortable window-seat" or "threshold" or "light on two sides of a room", or as abstract as "intimacy gradient". Such a labelled pattern contains not only the knowledge of the form and how to make it, but "there is an imperative aspect to the pattern...it is a desirable pattern...[the architect] must create this pattern in order to maintain a stable and healthy world."

In other words, each such pattern will have moral force, will be the only right way of doing that particular piece of designing—at least in the eyes of those who have been correctly socialised into the profession. I seem to hear an echo here of Ernesto Rogers claiming long ago: "There is no such thing as bad architecture; only good architecture and non-architecture." And in general, as an outsider who was never socialised in the tribal long-house, it seems to me that Alexander's patterns are very like the kind of packages in which architects can often be seen to be doing their thinking, particularly at the sort of second sketch stage when they are re-using some of what was sketched out in the first version.

Such patterns—perhaps even a finite set of patterns—and their imperatives seem to be shared by all architects, and are, in some sense, what we recognise in Hawksmoor and do not find in Wren. This is not to say that Alexander's accidental revelation exhausts the topic. Far from it; for a start, it is still much too crude to explain anything really subtle. Being cast in a prescriptive, rather than descriptive, format, it avoids such questions as how such patterns are formed, and where, and cannot support the kind of anthropological investigation that has revealed the workings of other secret cultures to us in the past. It cannot yet open the black box, but it can give hints about the contents.

While we await their eventual revelation, what are we to make of architecture? No longer seen as the mother of the arts, or the dominant mode of rational design, it appears as the exercise of an arcane and privileged aesthetic code. We could, perhaps, treat it as one of the humanities, trivial or quadrivial, since its traditions are of the same antiquity and classicist derivation as the others (it even has a part share in a muse, Melpomene). We could stop pretending that it is "a blend of art and science", but is a discipline in its own right that happens to overlap some of the territory of painting, sculpture, statics, acoustics and so on. And we could halt the vulgar cultural imperialism that leads the writers of general



Jacek Depczyk

Reyner Banham, who died in 1988, was the author of several books, including *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*, *Los Angeles* and *Scenes from American Deserts*, and a long-time contributor to the *New Statesman* and, subsequently, *New Society*. His last book, *The Visions of Ron Herron* comes out at the end of this month.

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histories of architecture to co-opt absolutely everything built upon the earth's crust into their subject matter.

To do so is to try to cram the world's wonderful variety of building arts into the procrustean mould of a set of rules of thumb derived from, and entirely proper to, the building arts of the Mediterranean basin alone, and whose master-discipline, design, is simply *disegno*, a style of draughtsmanship once practised only in central Italy. I am increasingly doubtful that the timber buildings of northern Europe, for instance, or the triumphs of Gothic construction, really belong under the rubric of architecture at all. Le Corbusier felt that Gothic cathedrals were "not very beautiful", not architecture even, because they were not made of the pure geometrical forms that he found in the buildings of classical Greece and imperial Rome. Current misgivings about high-

A distinction was made on the basis that Lincoln Cathedral had aesthetic pretensions and bike sheds don't

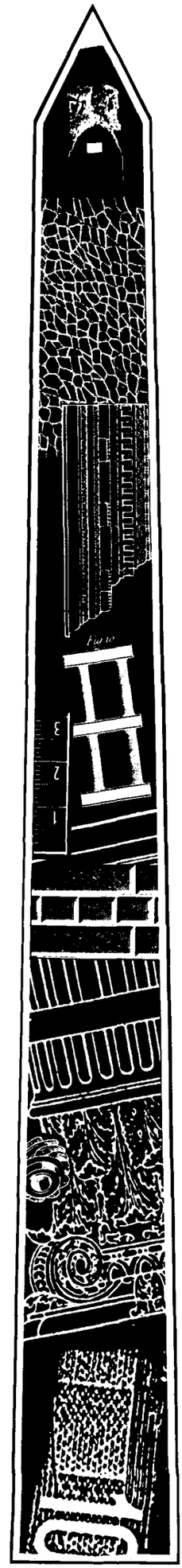
tech, with its exposed structures and services, seem to derive from a similar classicist sentiment: that architecture is from masonry, held together by gravity, and its volumes effectively closed.

Recognising the very straitened boundaries of architecture as an academically teachable subject, we might deceive and confuse ourselves less if we stopped trying to cram the whole globe into its intellectual portfolio. We could recognise that the history of architecture is no more, but emphatically no less, than what we used to believe it was: the progression of those styles and monuments of the European mainstream, from Stonehenge to the Staatsgalerie, that define the modest building art that is ours alone.

We might then have a better view of the true value and splendours of the building arts and design methods of other cultures, avoiding the kind of sentimentality with which Charles Eames, for instance, sugar-coated the design arts of the Orient. We might also be more securely placed to study the mysteries of our own building art, beginning with the persistence of drawing—*disegno*—as a kind of meta-pattern that subsumes all other patterns and shelters them from rational scrutiny. Even before architectural drawings achieved the kind of commercial value they can claim nowadays, they had such crucial value for architects that being unable to think without drawing became the true mark of one fully socialised into the profession of architecture.

Recall the alarm, disguised as contempt, that greeted Michael Keyte's claim in the early sixties that, with the CLASP system, one could design buildings without making drawings at all, just a typewritten schedule of components and procedures. If that sounds suspiciously like a computer programme, let us acknowledge that Keyte was only anticipating the probably fatal blow that computer-aided design may have dealt the mystique of drawing, and thus to architecture too. Not by mechanising the act of drawing itself, but by rendering it unnecessary. Computers can indeed make drawings, copy them, and turn them in and out of perspective or isometric, and—most crucially—they can remember drawings. But they do not remember them in imagery that the eye can read.

Rather, they remember them in the usual bytes of bits of binary information that is the common content of all computer memories. And that kind of information can be punched in and out of the memory by means of an ordinary alphanumeric keyboard, without any draughtsmanship at all. And if draughtsmanship thus becomes unnecessary even for



the making of drawings, then to persist in the act of drawing and in setting store by that act, becomes either an act of cultural defiance—"resistance" in the self-righteous cant of New York academe represented by Kenneth Frampton—or a conscious submission to the unspoken codes of a secret society.

To a certain kind of old-timer, this could be good news: confirmation that they were right all along and that we should have stuck to the orders and the theory of composition and ignored all that technology and modern stuff. To other interests, however, such as those of the rest of a world increasingly desperate for better buildings and a more habitable environment, architecture's proud but unadmitted acceptance of this parochial rule book can only seem a crippling limitation on building's power to serve humanity.

If architecture could "to its own self be true", accepting that it is not the whole art of building everywhere, but just the making of drawings for buildings in the manner practised in Europe since the Renaissance, it could be recognised as something that belongs as valuably at the heart of western culture as do the Latin language, Christian liturgy, Magna Carta or—precisely—the Masonic mysteries of *Die Zauberflöte*. And it could then get out of some of its more egregious perceptual and intellectual muddles, like those over Christopher Wren and Mies van der Rohe.

Wren could be seen as a master-builder of talent bordering on genius who tried to teach himself architecture out of books, like a postmodernist, but never gained entry to the inner *sancta* of its art or mystery. The west front of St Paul's remains the finest piece of urban scenography that a rational mind could have placed at the top of narrow old Ludgate Hill, but please don't call it architecture.

Mies, on the other hand, could be recognised as a true insider of the *arcana* of architecture, whose achievement has been largely obscured by the rhetoric of pure rationality that has come from his followers and explainers. Indeed, he is a very good case in counterpoint to Wren, an absolute architect whose building was so open to rational explanation that few noticed that these explanations had almost nothing to say about his architecture—until various good grey men had to try to explain his architecture in public at the planning inquiry into the proposed Mansion House Square development.

The egg left on the face of the modernist establishment by that enquiry does not mean that it is necessarily impossible to find language to discuss what is currently ineffable, but valuable, in the work of Mies and in the subculture of architecture in general. Not only have Christopher Alexander's confused gropings suggested one possible conceptual basis for deeper enquiry, but the bafflement of the general public in the face of the behaviour of architects might provoke some psychologist or anthropologist to try to break through the glass wall of inscrutability that surrounds the topic. Anthropologists have already gone a long way in penetrating the inner workings of societies far more remote than the tribe of architecture.

But the tribe would almost certainly have to resist the intrusion on its privacy if it were to preserve its integrity as a social grouping. It might well decide to defend the contents of the black box at whatever cost, as if it were the ark of its covenant. What else could architects do? The threat of ultimate revelation, of demystification or even deconstruction, would surely deliver architecture to yet another of the seemingly endless series of crossroads of decision that have confronted it since the first quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns.

It could permit itself to be opened up to the understandings of the profane and the vulgar, at the risk of destroying itself as an art in the process. Or it could close ranks and continue as a conspiracy of secrecy, immune from scrutiny, but perpetually open to the suspicion, among the general public, that there may be nothing at all inside the black box except a mystery for its own sake. ●

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Open and shut

The developers' idea of public life involves nothing more than shopping, sitting and supping, says Rowan Moore

Contemporary architecture is constantly proliferating into ever more attitudes and styles, but there is one assumption shared by architects of almost any persuasion. It is the belief in "public space", the idea that any development within a city should create some sort of communal vessel for shared activity. Generally, this space will have a familiar shape, such as a square, a street, a crescent, or an arcade.

Latterly, the biggest developers have caught on, and schemes in Leeds, Birmingham, Edinburgh and Spitalfields and Paddington in London, no matter how greedy and aggressive, now struggle to resemble Bath or Haussmann's Paris, only their versions are glitzier and more densely packed. This is largely due to Leon Krier, probably the most influential architect of recent years. Although he has built almost nothing, his obsessions and motifs pop up across the world in the work of students, architects reputable and disreputable, and in almost any big urban development. He calls himself a classicist, but his influence can be felt in work of any style.

At its most inane, this influence consists of mimicking the circumstantial detail of his drawings, the classicised Meccano of columns, obelisks, towers and other forms of shaft of which he is personally fond. His more valuable contribution has been to propose a new way of composing public spaces, or rather a return to an older way. He believes all worthwhile types of public space have existed since antiquity and have acquired an unassailable rightness. Any new public space must apply one or more of these types, or fail.

Krier's success is built on the failure of the modern movement. The design of cities was always its weakest point. However hard modern architects tried to redeem the social squalor of 19th-century cities, they seemed incapable of separating the virtues of traditional cities from their vices of disease and deprivation. Founded more on hate than love, the instinct was always to destroy and rebuild, rather than simply mend, with now infamous results—the windswept plaza, and the indeterminate spaces between towers, at once neglected and dangerous.

Few will mourn such spaces, and it is to be cautiously welcomed that even the more cynical developers feel obliged to make some sort of gesture to the public realm. But like all orthodoxies, the current consensus on "public space" needs to be challenged. London's prototypes of such spaces—Trafalgar Square, Oxford Street or Piccadilly Circus—are now synonyms for degradation and squalor. Many have long been reduced to roundabouts. But when, after great effort, the car is banished, it is simply replaced with pedestrians acting with the same mindless indifference as the driver. Leicester Square is such a place, given over to the mere milling of people-traffic, not to public life.

The range of possible activities in these spaces, and in their modern derivatives, seems to be drawn from a short and uninspiring list of shopping, sitting, eating, more shopping and, in the case of Leicester Square, seeing films. When an architect or planner wants to bring somewhere "to life", this usually reduces to providing restaurants and some seating. Public spaces are seen as bigger and more uncomfortable extensions of the living room, or as a source for booty with which to furnish the home and the body. If St Mark's Square was once the drawing room of Europe, Leicester Square is its TV lounge. Covent Garden, ostensibly a triumph of urban renewal, is more accurately a loss—the exchange of a complex world of work, trade and performance for the monocular pursuit of tourist tack.

Many of the completed schemes for shopping malls or office complexes succeed in attracting enough people to generate a convincing buzz at lunchtime, or on Saturday afternoon, but fail to achieve any genuine sense of community. The difference between two people eating their sandwiches in one place, and two hundred, is quantitative not qualitative. Public spaces begin to work when their different activities interact, but, in the modern office complex, the working life of the interior is carefully disconnected from the outside by neutral lobbies and atria. The whole is sanitised, controlled, and stamped with the developer's mark, so that chance events are kept to a minimum.

The difference between two people eating their sandwiches in one place, and two hundred, is quantitative not qualitative

This is not to say that public life no longer exists, but that it has only an oblique relation to public space. In Los Angeles, for example, it manifests itself on beaches and freeways and in networks of restaurants. In London, it exists as several layers of distinct societies, visible as much through magazines or fashion as through space or building. The Grande Place in Brussels is made up of ostentatious guild houses that represented the life of the city: the modern equivalent is the newsagent's rack.

There are spaces where a community acquires a sense of itself, but they tend to be interstitial or peripheral and usually restricted to a given group or class. The greyhound stadium is one such place, and Glyndebourne another, and occasionally the stony silence of public transport can mysteriously dissolve, or a particular film can make the cinema into more than collective TV. But it is, of course, television itself that most readily generates shared purpose and identity, even though the act of watching it is private and inert. The problem for architects, planners and developers is that television has no great interest in space, beyond the shallow convex frame it makes for itself. ●

Rowan Moore is an architect and writer

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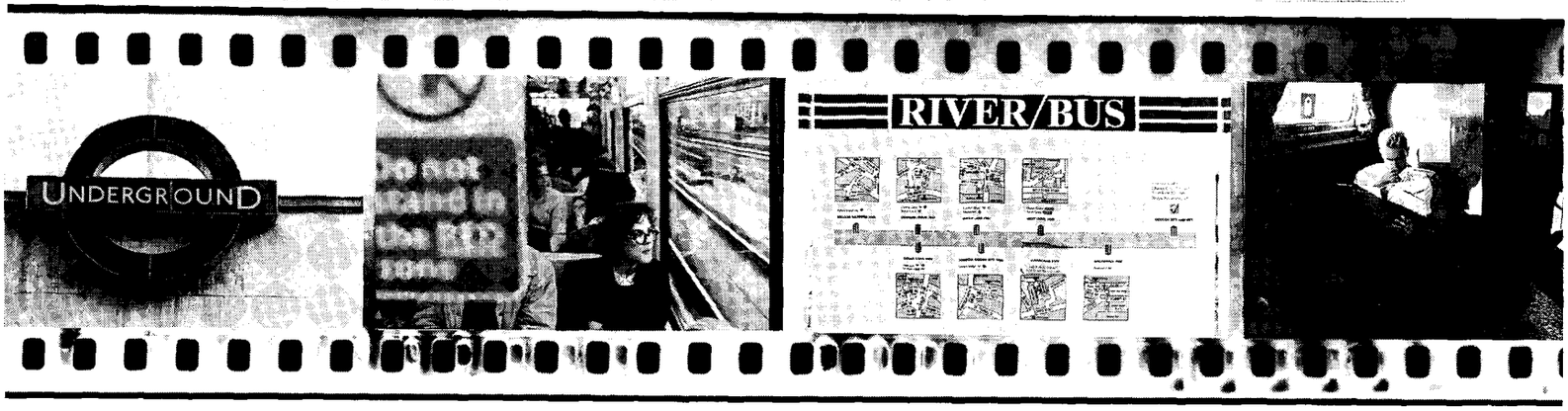


Ticket to ride

London is a metropolis held together by its river. Janet Abrams goes with the flow

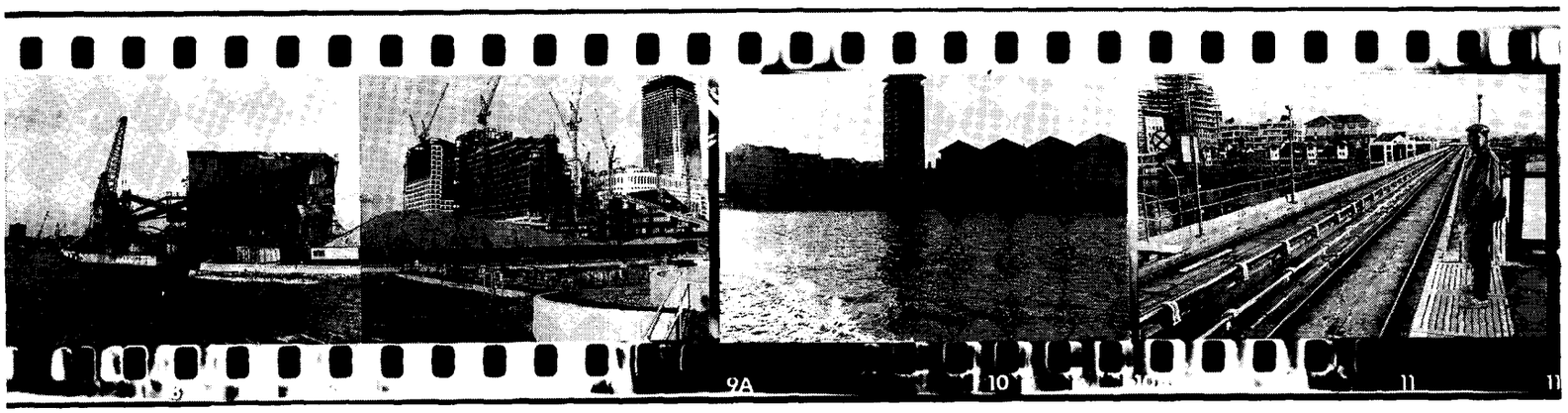
Is it possible to see a city if you live in it? It's one thing to take in the sights, as tourists are condemned to do, and quite another to consciously notice your own urban environment unless it positively impinges on you. And most of the time, it does. The urban native devises routes and methods to minimise such instances, taking a prescribed journey between home and work and carving out well-worn channels to friends and leisure facilities through the city's street-level and subterranean arteries.

To survive in London, increasingly you have to adopt a highly edited disregard for what's around—a selfish, instrumental concentration on where you are and where you're going. The idea of riding for pleasure on any part of London's transport system is, these days, self-evidently crazy, but one worth testing nonetheless. To see what the city looks like outside normal conditions of use (rushing between appointments at fixed destinations), I meandered in a circuit from Hammersmith to Greenwich and back using various means of conveyance.

Hammersmith Broadway to Earls Court (**2.30pm**)
The underpass linking the Metropolitan terminus to the Piccadilly and District lines is, as usual, a total sensory assault: amplified buskers, peeling posters for *Living Marxism* magazine, and brackish puddles (though scarcely as noxious as its cousin under Marylebone Road). Rising to street level from this vomitory—now several yards from the station which it serves—the bead-hawkers and the *Socialist Worker* merchants are absent from their customary pitch beside the heel bar booth. The displaced station entrance, a neo-classical canopy, has an architectural presence which far exceeds its bargain-basement construction in off-the-peg steel. Inside, past the newspaper stall and the girl mutely issuing leaflets advertising English courses, alternate ticket dispensers refuse old and new five-pence pieces. Downstairs, the eastbound lines still use determinate back-lit destination boards (none of your dot-matrix nonsense for "Cockfosters" here) but the platforms end in mid-air. Where there were stairs up to the old concourse, there are now just wounds in the concrete.

Earls Court to Chelsea Harbour (**2.45pm**)
Earls Court tube station is airy under its glass roof (Gloucester Road has recently become another gloomy cavern since they built an office block astride its tracks). The Indian proprietor smiles behind sandbag piles of apples and crisps as I snap his freestanding kiosk—one of few such bazaars still extant on tube platforms. Hand-scrawled signs on dented white boards give dingy directions down to the Piccadilly Line.

Instead I climb to Earls Court Road. The C3 mini-bus finally arrives (not before four 31s have filed past) and I join schoolkids toting Teenage Mutant Hero Turtle backpacks on the journey south. The breakdown of London Transport as a system, not just of communication but also of civic identity, is characterised by the spawning of omnibus species, typified by the Hoppa (which comes in short, long, yellow and supermarket-sponsored flavours). These buses never seem like "real" public transport: none of that grinding gear change as Routemasters brace themselves for an incline. Still, in their ambling amateurish way they plough



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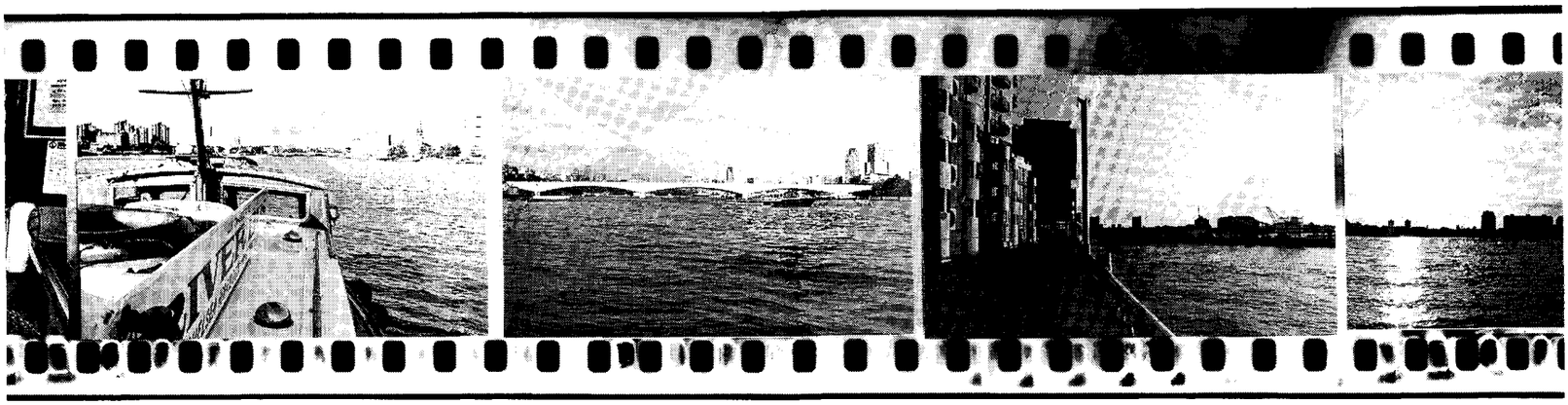


new routes amid the residential backwaters, forging links to urban nodes from parts that hitherto London Regional Transport could not reach.

Chelsea Harbour to Greenwich (departure **4.10pm**)
Chelsea Harbour has the air of an Algarve timeshare that somehow got stranded down the Thames. It still doesn't have an authentic sense of place, a year after I last visited. It has the trappings of a proper place, mind you: a Lloyds bank, a new hotel (the Conrad, complete with concierges and courtesy electric golf buggies) and an atrium mall where shops sell silk lingerie and other daily essentials. Beyond the hotel, the lack of animation is unsettling. Circling the Marina in solitude, I wonder if anybody really lives here. They must do, because there are plants and chairs on balconies behind the STRICTLY PRIVATE sign on the fence by the river's edge. I descend the gangway to await the River Bus. They call it a commuter service, but that's just an excuse for a timetable that offers only weekday-only rides in a second-hand police launch. The engine grumbles so loudly I grow hoarse talking to the other passengers, a couple from Kenosha, Wisconsin. It's £3 from Chelsea to West India dock and the conductor gives me change for a tenner almost entirely in 20-pence pieces.

A ten-minute stop-over on a lurching jetty at Charing Cross, then the real River Bus arrives. After all, we're heading east towards Canary Wharf. The plush blue cruiser, sponsored by a firm of estate agents, leaves at 4.40 with just eight of its airline-style seats filled. Peering out of the rain-splatted windows, I'm struck by the awesome waste of this huge empty thoroughfare yawning down the centre of London, sloshing around with just a handful of passengers prepared to pay more for a single journey than for a whole day's tube pass. Moving below bridges in quick succession, I think of Venice where buildings rise out of the water and almost call across to each other. Here the structures on either bank seem to be conceived in spite of the river, stumped by it rather than acknowledging its presence. Unwinding the ribbon of water as we speed east past Rotherhithe, the new housing blocks conform to a remarkably consistent aesthetic, but look marooned, far from anywhere you'd want to live with only the river for company.

Canary Wharf swings in and out of view, the Pelli tower (like it or not) an arresting urban beacon. Is it relevant to Docklands? You'd have to be a right Charlie to ask that question any more. It's just... *there*, for all to see, from miles around. I decide to stay on board till Greenwich. The harbour is deserted: ice-cream kiosks locked up like Brighton out of season; a flock of birds wheeling fretfully in and out of *Cutty Sark*'s bare branches.

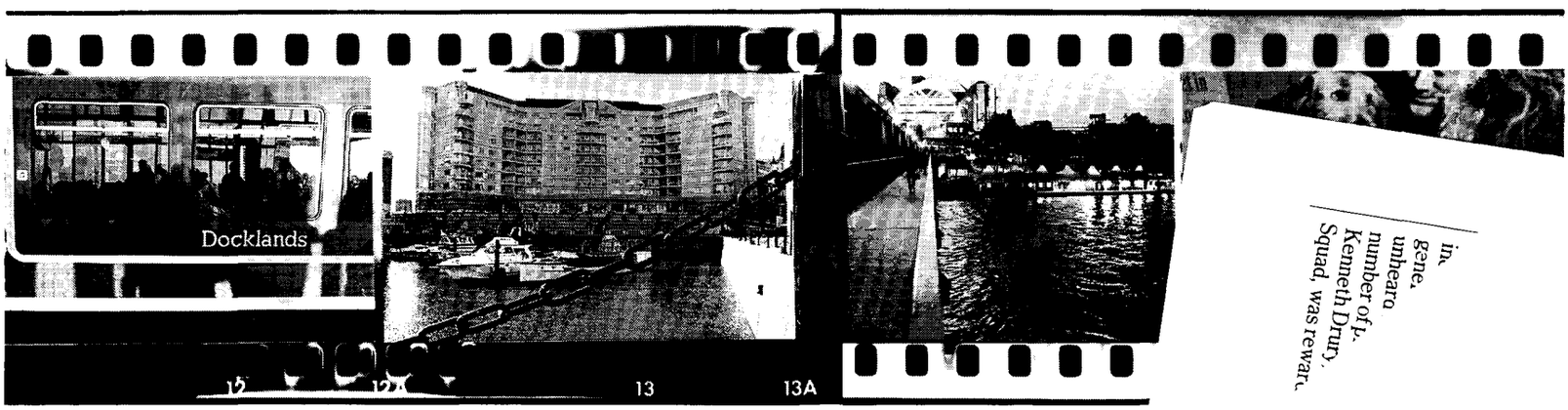
Greenwich to Tower Gateway (**5.30pm**)
The turret of the foot tunnel beckons like a Tardis, and I ride down in the wood-panelled lift to a secret passage below the river. The pedestrian equivalent of the Limehouse tunnel, but even more constricted, it has a surprisingly convivial atmosphere—at least this time of day, with schoolgirls and mothers escorting toddlers on tricycles. Lined in white glazed brick, it has that "sanitary" civic feel, and, for something built in 1902, it's lasted well.

At Island Gardens ("Welcome to Tower Hamlets" says a wonky sign), it's a hundred yards to the Docklands Light Railway terminus, and up to the elevated track inside a glazed dome which parodies the antique one I've just exited. The DLR fails to live up to its reputation: it doesn't break down once *en route* to Tower Gateway.

Monument to Hammersmith (**6.05pm**)
Back in the city, remnant yuppies gather by lamplight for a drink below Fenchurch Street viaduct. Make my way through the scaffolding at Monument—yet another tube stop having an office block built on top. It seems strange how smooth the journey's been, apart from the *longueurs* of connections. London has this strange unpredictable rhythm: emptiness alternates so arbitrarily with crammed congestion, from day to day and street to street.

Earls Court and Hammersmith are dense and dirty worlds apart from Chelsea Harbour's sterile paradise and the wasted waters of the Thames. London may have sold its charms downriver, but it's the river which holds the place together, and could supply the continuity and flow in a city which has more Stop than Go. ●

Photographs by Stephen Pope



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LETTERS

Green ideas

You editorialise in majestic anonymity: "The Green Party could not strategise its way out of a recycled paper bag" ("Paper tiger", 28 September), which reminds me of the joke about the 10 Greens it took to change a light bulb—one to install and nine to empower it. But really, the Green Party is breaking new ground in politics, and the question of its strategy is worth more than a scornful wisecrack. Its unique cooperative venture and beyond-left-and-right approach comprise the most innovative project in our stale political scene. Astonishing new strategies have to be discovered for escaping this bag humanity is in. Instead of scoffing, why not make a contribution?

Rowland Morgan
Green Party
10 Station Parade
London SW12

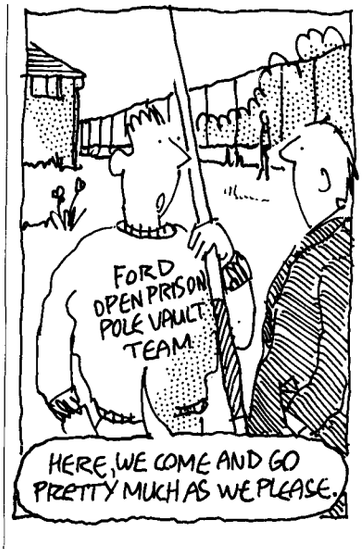
White-collar prisons

In the three and a half years in which I have now been in prison, I have yet to meet with a decision that has so angered my fellow prisoners as that over Ernest Saunders. The judge had been perfectly frank in explaining why his "duty to the public" demanded that he impose an immediate sentence of five years' imprisonment; he had to deter others who may have felt similarly inclined to earn a few bob (give or take a million) at shareholders' expense.

The anger of my fellow inmates ("convicts" disappeared when Saatchi & Co became involved in the political process) was not caused by the length of the sentence, however. What so inflamed imprisoned passions was the subsequent treatment of the defendant.

Ernest Saunders, who is now apparently bankrupt as well as Guinnless, is continuing his "insider" experiences not in the old Victorian hovel of Brixton—appalled by the conditions, he booked out after 72 hours—but in the secluded Sussex hotel of Ford Open Prison.

In the past few weeks, I have heard a multitude of explanations for what even the chaplain here has correctly called "this unheard-of rosity". In fact, far from being of, there are actually a precedents. Commander , late of the Flying ded with an



identical sentence, and was booked into the same establishment within a similar period for his own particular brand of insider trading. His boss, Wally Virgo, who initially received a 12-year sentence before the Court of Appeal stepped in to reduce it, was treated in a similar manner. There are many more examples which could be quoted.

"Crystal", who made a fortune (without telling a true one) trading in a different futures market—defrauding the wealthy with rigged spiritualist meetings—assured me yesterday that the "Guinness Three" would be "out on parole in a year". I have no doubt that Crystal's forecast will turn out to be accurate.

Prisons are a very good yardstick by which we can measure how society views its criminals. At one end of the criminal spectrum you have your average villain. Such "blue-collar" criminals, who specialise in anything from household burglary to armed bank robbery, are likely to spend their lengthy sentences jammed three to a cell that the Victorians designed for one. They are unlocked for one hour in every 24, and visits from their relatives and friends last for 30 minutes, and then only once a month. Access to a telephone is unheard of. Underwear is changed once per week during the communal bathing period. Letters, both in and out, are always the subject of careful scrutiny by the prison censor, and the highlight of the week is the church service where you may be able to beg, borrow or steal a "roll-up" from those around you.

The blue-collar criminal is forced to spend his days in enforced idleness as prison workshops remain closed due to a lack of staff. Toilets consist of plastic pots, which have to be emptied each day down a communal sluice in a process given the practical, if indelicate, name of "slopping out". With three to a cell, fights are frequent and murders not unknown—there have been seven in the past 12 months, to say nothing of 33 successful suicides and 463 attempts. For the vast majority of such criminals, daily life becomes an obstacle course of survival. Not the sort of place for those who went to public schools and who believe a "crèche" is a road-traffic accident in Guildford.

For the white-collar criminal, the Home Office provides a much better regime—such as Leyhill and Ford. These are the jewels at the other end of the penal market, and into which TV cameras are invited so frequently that "prisoners" should be eligible for Honorary membership of Equity.

In these prisons you will find your bent lawyers, stockbrokers and vicars in what equates to the boardroom of the prison population. Messrs Saunders et al are currently to be found serving their "deterrent" sentences sunbathing during the afternoon breaks from the monotony of the multigym or mini-golf course.

It must be hard for such people used to a life of luxury to have to put up with the indignity of choosing between just four colour television sets, three snooker rooms and an outdoor, unheated, swimming pool. They must be placed back on the straight and narrow very quickly by only being able to see their relatives and friends for two hours each day, and the prospect that their letters *may* be read or their telephone calls monitored must come as nothing short of absolute horror. Still, I do not expect that they will be staying for that long.

Mark Leech (CF1449)
HM Prison Blundeston
Suffolk

Transcendental money

On behalf of the many people who have suffered financially or mentally from the excesses of the TM movement, I would like to congratulate *New Statesman & Society* and Duncan Campbell on having the guts to publish an article about the true facts of the movement ("Heaven on earth", 28 September). I see Mr Warburton did not refute any of those facts.

I would like to reply to Peter Warburton's letter (5 October). If the "430 scientific studies" were investigated, it would be found that the majority had been done by TM practitioners, who could be said to be biased. You would also find that 90 per cent of meditation, or relaxation, techniques have exactly the same, if not better, results; but they don't have to rely on research as they usually have something tangible to offer, and don't cost money (you can't pay for the love of God). A number of the better known reports have already been refuted anyway.

As an ex-practitioner of TM, and highly positioned in the movement, I can personally verify the lengths to which the movement will go to cover up any problems on the psychological level (suicides, etc). The fear psychoses people go through, when leaving such a movement, are well known. When someone attempts to write anything against Maharishi or the movement, the usual reply from the movement's headquarters is that the person was disturbed anyway, prior to TM. Then why take their money, and let them do the full gambit of sham courses on offer in the first place?

I am about to do an in-depth study on the effects of TM, and would be grateful if individuals who have had problems of any nature would get in touch with me at the address below.

Peter Pearce
c/o 14 Castle Road
London NW2

The Family Way

Criticism is always useful, but I found reading Ann Oakley's piece on *The Family Way* ("Family friends", 5 October) a frustrating experience. I was unable to identify the substance of her argument. Was she saying that children's interests were not best served by strengthening women's position? If so, what is her evidence, and what are the implications for policy-makers?

Is she arguing, furthermore, that men do not want to change their ways? If so, is she implying that policy-makers should not bother to create conditions for change in the long term? And if that is the case, what should they do instead?

We take the view that long-term, cross-national trends in family life suggest that the needs of modern families, far from being "increasingly at odds with the requirements of women's liberation" (Carl Degler),

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may be converging with some of the main demands of the modern women's movement. Ann Oakley accuses us of "double-think", but does not explain why. Perhaps you could devote space to a wider debate on family policy, so that we can exchange ideas rather than unsubstantiated gibes. We'd welcome the chance to have a more detailed debate with Ann Oakley and others.

Meanwhile, if your readers want to judge for themselves, *The Family Way* can be obtained from the Institute for Public Policy Research, 18 Buckingham Gate, London SW1E 6LB (£10 or £5 for students).

Anna Coote
Research Fellow
IPPR, London SW1

Mandela's view

Maybe Nelson Mandela acquired his "belief that the IRA was a popular force for national liberation, fighting a classic anti-colonial war" ("Oracles of society", 28 September) in response to the observation that the British army in Ireland has every appearance of an unpopular force waging a classic colonial counter-insurgency campaign.

Paul Colbeck
Richmond Road
London E8

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please)

● John Mortimer donned his new hat as chairman of the Royal Court Theatre this week and tried to persuade big business to donate money. "One potential sponsor accused the Royal Court of having a left-wing bias and was reluctant to give anything," says Mortimer. "I told him that now that I am chairman there is no way that it is left wing—witness the fact that I intend to vote for Neil Kinnock."—*Times* (George Moor)

● As university students prepare for the start of the academic year, Tory recruiting sergeants are out in force targeting the environmentally concerned.

Leaflets are being handed out highlighting the benefits to the environment of private ownership. "If whales were privately owned," the leaflet argues, "maybe they would be well looked after too." —*Times* (George Moor)

FRINGE BENEFITS

Product-minded

Colin Ward

It's not only the Bogeywoman who is guilty of that dreadful reductionism that turns every relationship and service into the delivery of a *product* from a supplier to a consumer. Higher education long ago realised that having a business school and courses in marketing was a winning way of gaining a reputation ("we're no ivory tower"), an income ("we send all our middle management there") and the favour of government ("we're rising to the challenge of 1992").

Countless *curricula vitae* certify that the job applicant is a trained absorber of market wisdom, and it shows everywhere. You will have noticed how British Rail's management has renamed passengers as customers and your journey as a product to be sold in the most lucrative market, ie, business trips paid for by the firm. I've mentioned before the classic statement by Northampton Council's parks department that "anything must fight for its place within a given market. Allotments are no exception to this principal [*sic*]."

Nor is education. Half the current tragic demoralisation of the production-line operatives in this market (teachers) results from the attempt by our market-wise ministers to impose quality-control principles on their hapless output. The legislators themselves, of course, buy in the bespoke market, paying over the odds for all those imponderables that can't be measured, just as they do in personal transport, housing, medicine, cuisine and culture.

The market ideology brings with it an incredible arrogance towards low-grade recipients of public policy. Citizens who don't fit the consumer image, for one reason or another, are a dead loss to be written off or contained out of sight. Hence the government's intolerable attitude to the Probation Service, which, in case you've forgotten, began as a voluntary initiative to keep people out of jail. Hence its refusal to recognise in its aproach to general practitioners that the doctor in Hackney has quite a different task from that of his/her counterpart in Herstmonceux, that the task of collecting a tax on residents is simple in the latter and incredibly hard in the former, or that the teaching of English in Pimlico School, where the children on the roll have nearly 50 different home languages, is quite different from the task that faced the teachers of the Secretary of State for Education.

A new report that has found it inevitable, *en route*, to underline the incompatibility of our different approaches to the user of services is *From Paternalism to Participation: Involvement in Social Services*, by Suzy Croft and Peter Beresford. Funded by Rowntree, it comes for £4.95 from Open Services Project, 15 Falcon Road, London SW11 2PJ, and is a forerunner of these researchers' findings, which will come from Macmillan with the title *Citizen-Involvement: a practical guide for change.*

This is about those agencies, statutory or "voluntary", which cater for people the market would like to shed as minimal consumers. The authors stress that there are two conflicting social philosophies. "It's one thing to talk of bringing social services in line with Marks & Spencer by increasing customer input and safeguards. It's quite another for people to have more say in the business and its impact on their lives. Mixing them up is likely to raise expectations unrealistically and can end in bitterness and disillusionment."

The first philosophy is that of *consumerism*, in which agencies seek information from users to improve their efficiency, economy and effectiveness. The second is *self-advocacy*. "Here the aim is empowerment. People want to speak for themselves. Service users seek a *direct say* in agencies and services to gain greater control over their lives. They don't just want to get involved in the administration of services." The authors find that "Consumer approaches tend to be service-provider-led; those for self-advocacy, user-led."

This is an important distinction, and we can extrapolate from it the insight that the government's public relations job on matters like health, education or selling off the electricity industry uses the language of the *self-advocacy* approach to conceal its belief in the *consumerist* approach. You can have a national curriculum or a national health service, or you can buy your way out of both.

Ideological fashions have a limited life-span. But when the Bogeywoman [illegible] to Dunrulin, Dulwich, all the other politi[illegible] to come out from behind he[illegible] that they too have been se[illegible] model. They've all been w[illegible] trimmer economy. They'r[illegible] and my fear is that the glib[illegible] survive a change of rule[illegible] prattle about a trimmer e[illegible] it fails to meet ordinary[illegible] torts human relationsh[illegible] inevitable side-effect.

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Longing for Lynch

Impatience is a sin and experience is horror in "Twin Peaks", says Paul Morley

I've been waiting all year, perhaps all my life, to write something about David Lynch, and what it is he might be doing. I've been dying, ever since I was asked by this magazine to write something about Lynch and his black-and-light soap-ish melodrama series **Twin Peaks**, to get to the very beautiful, very first sentence of the review—a review that instinct and superstition told me must be loaded and then unloaded with meaning, as angelic and as demonic, as clear-headed and as swooning, as any average, tender and lacerating Lynching moment. I've been living and dying to write the very first sentence.

Now I'm there, right *here*, ready to drag that very first sentence out of the terrible shadows and into the sweet light, preparing to faint into a near-normal world where death breathes, life seethes, time turns and sex is a sense, and there's nothing I can do about it. The first sentence that is waiting for me won't let me begin with a dumb donut pun, or a deformed shriek of raw enthusiasm, or a calmly hysterical declaration of utter approval. It won't even let me begin with a cheery cherry-pie smile of greeting that may or may not signify that all is well with the world, or is it, if you get my meaning.

The first sentence that is waiting for me, as patient as the air, is, naturally, a bit of a cliché that, supernaturally, is so expected and obvious, it ends up horribly original and demanding. The first sentence that is waiting for me reminds me of the inevitable words, the exhausted clichés, the closed, intense small talk, the secret messages that accumulate during *Twin Peaks*—as if to say, you might think, that the real power of the world is forever deflected, too complicated and tumultuous, and that, to survive in any halfway decent manner, we must avoid the true signs and miracles of existence. The conventions of society cover up the deep dread of being alive: small talk happily deprives everything of its importance, seriousness, truth. The first sentence that is waiting for me is very small, and I really wanted to begin this review all high and mighty, perhaps saying that *Twin Peaks* eerily seeks brightness in the ordinary, perhaps locating the town where it is set not in *America*, but more Kafka's Amerika: a place of culprits, of innocents, lust, diligence, where impatience is a sin and experience is horror. Perhaps I wanted to begin by saying that Lynch is a poet of the poisoned world!

The first sentence that is waiting for me stops me in my eager tracks, and I think I know why. The thing is, there has been so much written around Lynch, so much read into inner Lynch, that all the quiet surprise of his work is being destroyed, leaving, mostly, just the simple shocks to the system.

Twin Peaks, in particular, has been set up as the ultimate example of his charm. See for sure in your own front room his violent, taciturn fascination with the little things of everyday life, and his compulsive glee at the thought of the

David Lynch eerily seeks brightness in the ordinary. Left: victim Laura Palmer and, above right, suspect James Marshall

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feelings and dreams that pass through our minds and linger under the surfaces, pushing us to the point of madness. You see, as the critic, there I go again: adding to all the fuss, joining the Lynch mob, reading between the lines, making you expect so much from *Twin Peaks* that you'll end up not being surprised that so much happens so slowly, out of the blue, but disappointed that nothing much happens, quickly.

So much has been said about Lynch and *Peaks*, that we're at that moment between the building up and the knocking down that critics like me are always blamed for. But there's

Wait. It's asking me to wait, this is all Lynch is really about. Waiting for something to happen. Lynch is no more than a pop-porno telly addict

nothing I can do about it. The first sentence that is waiting for me demands that I develop some suspicion towards all this Lynch-love.

It's not fair. I'm living and dying to say that *Twin Peaks* is the most wonderfully vague and enchanting of pulp postmod entertainment; as well as being the most cynical and impudent of TV murder mysteries; as well as being a meandering essay indulgently showing us what depth of degradation people can fall to; as well as being a film that suggests how astonishing it is that, out of billions of possibilities, a series of absurd accidents has meant that life is something like it is; as well as being a demonstration of something so sinister and remote it can only be the result of some grotesque amoralist's metaphysical battle with himself. I want to say all that, but the first sentence that is waiting for me won't let me. It won't let me spoil the surprise, or raise your expectations, and it wants to know... am I sure? Do I really mean all that? The first sentence that is waiting for me is more cunning than you would first think.

Wait. It's asking *me* to wait, as if to say, this is all Lynch is really about, some kind of waiting for something to happen, and in that sense Lynch is really no more than a pop-porno, telly addict, morally ambiguous, baby boom, rip-off of Beckett, Kafka and Queneau. That still sounds exciting to me, but I mustn't allow myself to get carried away.

So, calmly, with a straight face and just the merest hint of a smile, for those of you who live in a community as enclosed and as cut away as *Twin Peaks* itself, the series has been the unlikeliest cult attraction on American TV. A collaboration between the Lynch of *Eraserhead* and *Blue Velvet* and Mark Frost of *Hill Street Blues*, it's a neurotic, fluffed Freudian third cousin of *Peyton Place*, a derelict fable-like *Dallas*, set five miles south of the Canadian border and a leap or two beyond the frontiers of reality.

A girl is murdered and, you never know, there might be a solution. FBI officer Dale Cooper (played with alien comic exactness by Lynch regular Kyle MacLachlan) drives into the very heart of middle America and out into a pure mystical element to find out, and why not, who killed Laura Palmer. He also likes to recite his actions as they happen into a dictaphone, eat donuts and look at trees. He is both the sharpest eccentric detective since Columbo and this side of an invisible line that keeps him at a distance from people and things, as though he must never mingle with any created person or object.

The people of *Twin Peaks* are mixed up, and mixed up with each other, trapped inside their own idiosyncrasies, fondly mocked and exaggerated by their creators, existing both as dissolving parodies of banal, fictional, soap characters and half-scary sketches of solitude and anguish. The language they speak further abstracts and isolates traditional TV-drama dialogue, strips it down to the inane basics, so that it becomes as jumpy and as bored as the way real people speak to each other while retaining a spaced-out agility.

If you think that I'm getting carried away again, these are the *facts*. Further facts are that *Twin Peaks* is recognisable as a stupidly grave soap drama, that the unclassifiable motives of the makers, the beauty of the music, the elegance of the direction give it a unique TV quality, and then, beyond that, there is undeniably "something curious" going on. This something curious might just be nervous tension, concealed childishness, an out-of-place epic craving for the infinite, a series of in-jokes run out of control, supreme indifference, fatigue or the result of making it up as they went along.

Its success might be because, out of all that and whatever else was at play, a series of lovely little hooks and a whole set of buried treasure emerged. Fantastically over-stimulated and numb to the point of disappearance, American audiences were actually touched by the quiet wonder and crazy sensitivity. It was ludicrous, random and as domestic as their own lives and, just like real life, the best bits appear to be hidden. It's never quite clear if the thing is making sense, or even if it has to make sense: it's just happening, and people are responding.

Most of us are familiar already with the lighter quizzical attractions of the series, the effervescently dull catchphrases, the plainly bizarre obsessions. The fish in the percolator is famous before we even know if there really is such a thing: *Time* damn near put it on its cover. The log lady is tele-legend. Donuts and cherry pies are either the whole point, or more important than that. Lynch himself blandly explains that it doesn't make sense because, why shucks, who expects life to make any sense. The funny thing is, he probably means it. He sets out, simply in love with soaps, to make a tall tale that chronicled disappointment and small-town atrocities from cold coffee to murder, and because he's the way he is, he left a lot of space for us to fill in. If you concentrate, you can fill in the space and see time itself. If you don't concentrate, it's just a funny little warped soap that's not as clever as it seems to be.

The first sentence that is waiting for me won't let me say much more: it won't let me talk about spiritual adventure, secret fury, intimate cruelty, frozen memories gleaming amid the blackness of loss, damned fine coffee. It suggests that we wait and see if Lynch can move away from the kind of things he appears to be able to do in his sleep, and really scare us, or capture us. But then, the first sentence is a bastard: it won't even tell me what it is, it just wants to keep waiting, like Lynch, on the edge of forever. Well, it's too bad, but I've made my mind up, and I've made up my own first sentence: "Watch *Twin Peaks* as if your life depended on it."

Twin Peaks *will be on BBC2 on Tuesdays at 9pm from 23 October.*

Art

A master's voice?

Philip Dodd puts Frank Auerbach back into history

Old Masters are easy to recognise. Just go down to any of the great national museums or prestigious private collections, and there they all hang. They are the stars of blockbuster shows in the metropolitan centres: Titian in Venice, Monet in London, Velasquez in Madrid, Goya in New York. They even become the cultural logos of companies who sponsor the shows.

This week, all these signs of the Old Master Show came together when a press conference —held simultaneously in Berlin, Amsterdam and London—announced a touring exhibition of one of the greatest of them all: Rembrandt. American Express is the sponsor. That'll do nicely. But we face difficulties in trying to identify a Contemporary Master. Such comforting and easily recognisable signs are missing, or are less clearly established. How would we recognise a master who still lives?

Frank Auerbach (Marlborough Fine Art, 6 Albermarle Street, London W1 until 20 October) is now being acknowledged as just such a master. A German Jew who fled the Nazis in

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1939, Auerbach has painted in London for the last 40 years. When you actually look at his work, what is there to see? A series of heads, of single figures seated, and paintings of Mornington Crescent, Camden, at different times of the day and year.

Seen from another perspective, the paintings and drawings look less like places and people, and more like attempts to make something permanent of a place or a person in the process of change. The figure or place forms and reforms in front of you. The tension set up between the high-toned colours, between the rich, broad brush-strokes moving in contrary directions and boldly marked over paint smudged and scraped away, makes the buildings of Mornington Crescent look as drunk as you feel in trying to find a vantage point.

There's no doubting Auerbach's virtuosity, and the best works are exhilarating in their controlled abandon. But are they the works of a master? Auerbach has himself made it plain that he has wrestled with the Old Masters, making them a resource for his own work. But engaging with the Old Masters is no guarantee of anything, particularly when Auerbach empties their structures of content, turning them into purely formal devices.

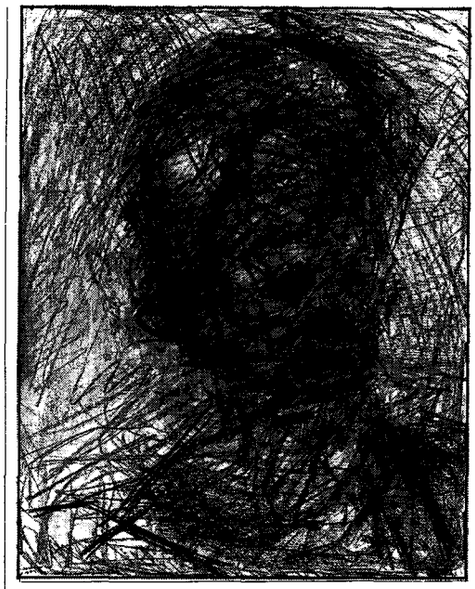
Auerbach is also said to have the seriousness expected of a master. In his new book on the painter, Robert Hughes reports that Auerbach paints for up to ten hours a day, seven days each

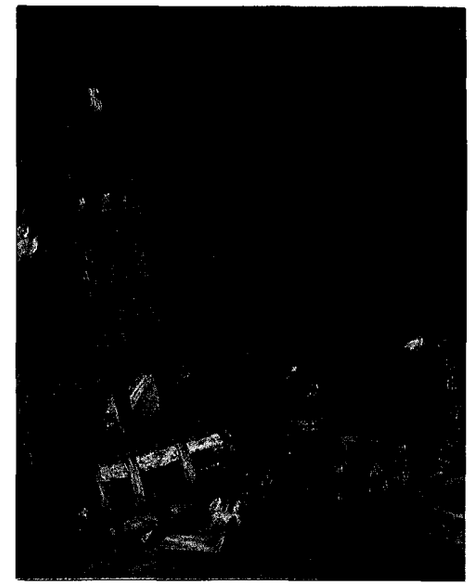
There's no doubting Auerbach's virtuosity, and the best works are exhilarating in their controlled abandon

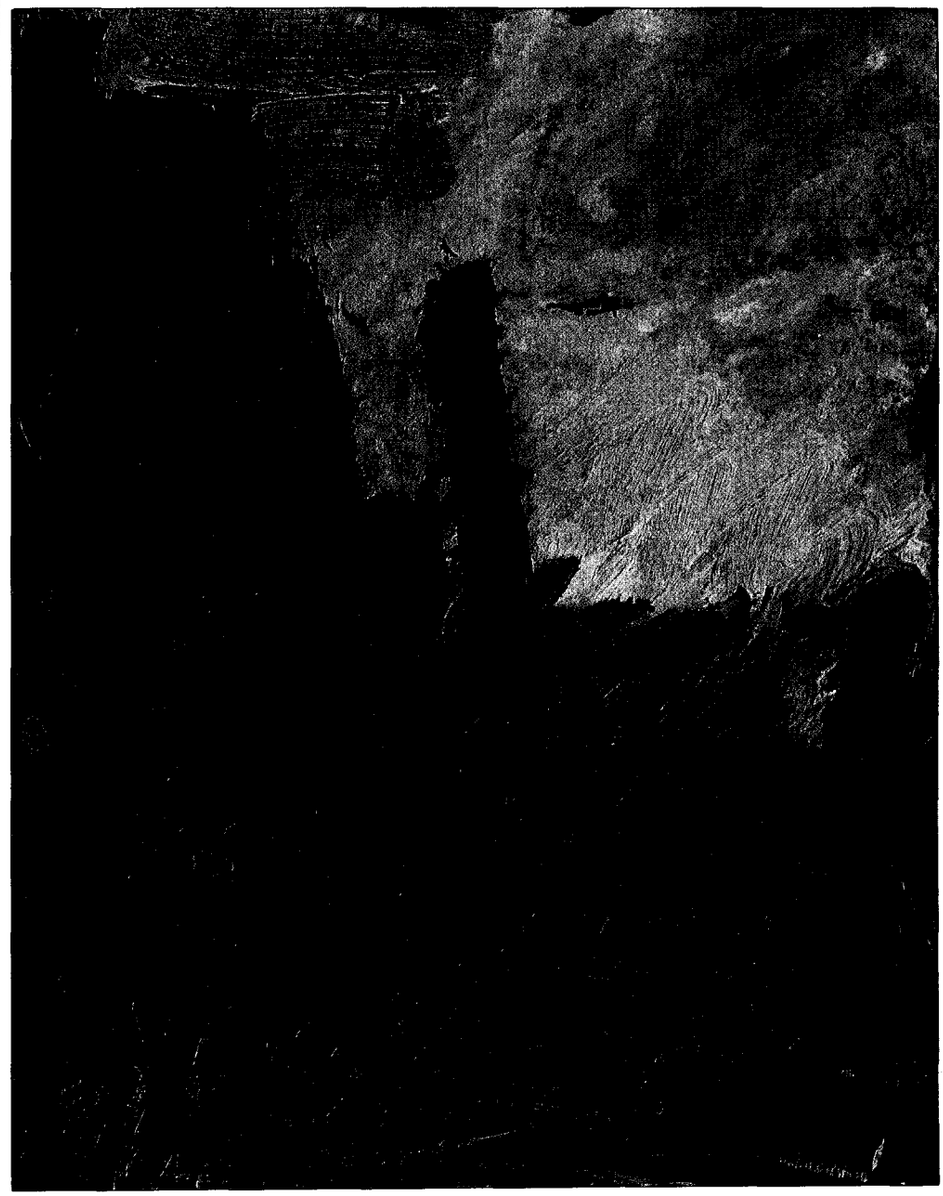
week, and can demand up to 200 sittings by the subject of a portrait. Auerbach's willingness to produce an image and then, at the last moment, abandon it, and begin again, leaving the evidence of the "failures" on the canvas, is legendary. But that too is no guarantee of seriousness.

Yet it's less Auerbach's status in the pantheon of great painters that needs excavating, than his relationship to contemporary history. Any sustained account of his achievement would need to recognise how much his *Angst*-ridden portraits owe to the existentialism of his early maturity. It would need to explore how far Auerbach's passionate "uncouthness" chimes with the "sincerity" of D H Lawrence, celebrated by F R Leavis in the early 1950s. It would need to see that his commitment to Old Masters is inseparable from the fact that, during the war, they were lost to him, taken from the walls of the National Gallery to safe store. It would need to understand that his fidelity to a few subjects may be because he lost everything he knew when he was nine, including his parents.

So the question of whether he has a master's voice, whether he has taken up the baton of Rembrandt, ought to be put aside in order to see what kind of history made him the painter he is. Vacuum packing him within the pantheon won't help us to understand him at all.







Figures and places form and re-form in front of you in Frank Auerbach's work. Above: *Mornington Crescent—Early Morning 1989-90* and *Mornington Crescent Night 1988-89* (top right); and, top left, *Head of Julia*, 1989

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Video

Understimulation

Suzanne Moore experiences New Age ambient videos

You have to make an awful lot of effort to relax these days. You can't just *do nothing* when you do nothing, and I should know. I've spent the past few days desperately trying to relax to the New Age ambient videos that I've been sent, but something has gone very wrong. I understand how Michael Ryan felt when he ventured out on the streets of Hungerford. I know why Charlie Manson did what he had to do. And all as a result of watching *The Art of Landscape* and an hour of a tape called *Basil the Parrot*. If you want something that expresses the sheer bloody futility of life, the utter pointlessness of existence, forget Beckett and tune into *Over the Dark Cloud, A Lingering Look at Disused Aircraft* or, better still, *The Aquarium*.

Obviously this is not the desired effect, but perhaps I never had the right attitude in the first place. The whole idea, after all, of ambient videos, is that, like musak, they provide an unobtrusive background. You are not meant to think about them. Instead, they provide "an enjoyable visual stimulus".

The series that I watched—*At the Fireside, The Aquarium, The Water Wheel* and *Basil the Parrot*—is marketed by Jettisoundz, which is quite explicit about its modest aims. "Modern folk need their senses stimulating." All of them. So when you put on a record, tape or CD, switch on the TV. Turn the sound down... But it's too distracting. You want to know what's happening—what President Bush had to say about disarmament. And so on.

The answer, of course, is a New Age ambient video—"They allow you to relax, listen to your favourite music without staring at the furniture. They introduce a new dynamic to your living room without being too obtrusive." The videos themselves are a model of simplicity—a single, hour-long, shot of a not particularly interesting fire, a modest aquarium, a rather frantic water wheel and a bored parrot.

What is New Age, or even new about this is open to question, though such videos use a New Age tag to cash in on the booming market of semi-mystical, self-improvement tapes. These are an amazing range of videos that promise everything from "out of body experiences" within a few days, to "subliminal" tapes with titles like *I Can do Anything, The Mastery of Money* and *How to Radiate Sensual Poise*.

No longer do you need to go to Nepal to achieve altered states of consciousness. Meditation tapes promise to send you into a deep trance that normally only yogis or people in flotation tanks in Hampstead claim to achieve. The tape apparently consists of a metronome signal that is supposed to correspond to theta brain-waves.

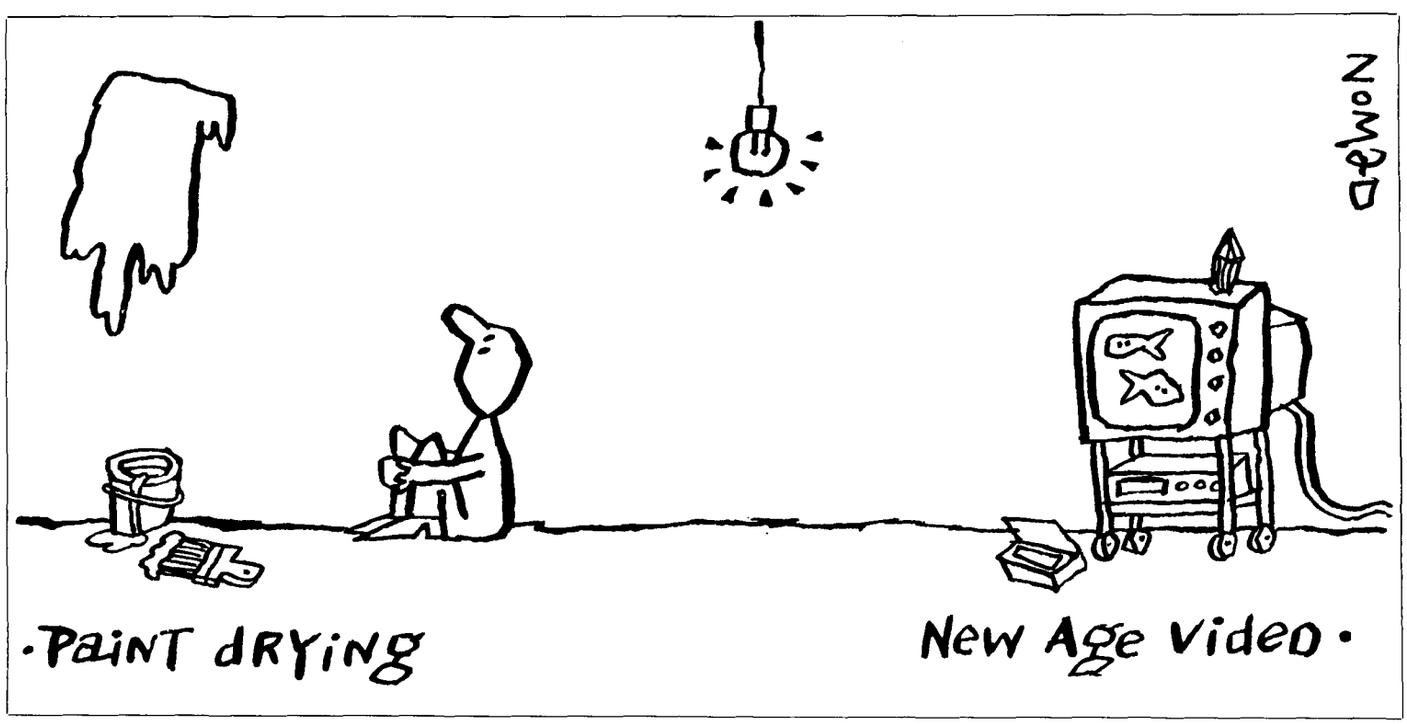
I'm not sure about theta waves, but I recommend altered states of consciousness, chemical or cosmic, to anyone who has to spend even five minutes watching the *Art of Landscape*. This video of "the most requested titles from the popular Channel 4 series" consists of a series of tracks of deliberately unstimulating footage with drippy classical/New Agey music over the top. Thus we have Canal Longboat Crossing an Aqueduct in Wales accompanied by New World symphony, or a film of penguins walking excruciatingly slowly about the Antarctic. This doesn't work as ambient background because there is just enough happening to make you wait for something else to follow. And this is fatal. Will the longboat explode mid-aqueduct? Will the penguins keel over and die? Will someone turn off that awful music? As you can see, these things make me very tense.

I'd had these feelings before when confronted with all the avant-garde films in which nothing ever happens: one is supposed to suddenly grasp the "materiality of film itself". All those viciously anti-narrative, structuralist films were just a forerunner for this cinematic equivalent of musak. Yet those films, with their rigorously radical aims, were to make you think. So it's a paradox that these methods can be used to make you not think at all.

And they run into the same problems. The drive to create a narrative is so strong that people will make up stories in their heads, whether it's a film of a swinging lightbulb or a windmill in West Sussex. This destroys the very ambience of an ambient video just as it destroys the austere formalism of an avant-garde film. In both cases, the desire to be entertained is a rather base need that you have to train yourself out of.

The other strange effect of all this overwhelming under-stimulation is that it flips over into the same zonked-out feeling you get from, say, the over-stimulation of *Total Recall*. In fact, *Total Recall* is actually more relaxing than any of this lot—though not very New Age, I guess. But then it's a thin line between love and hate, pleasure and pain. Or, as Roland Barthes said, between boredom and bliss.

Perhaps the most sinister aspect of all this is that it makes ordinary TV look so wonderful. Two hours of this stuff, and Jeremy Beadle looks like God. Adverts are almost too brilliant to comprehend. The news is simply unbelievable. The air of excitement contained in *Blockbusters* explodes out of the screen. Images change. Things happen. People talk. At last, you can relax.



Damon Bernard

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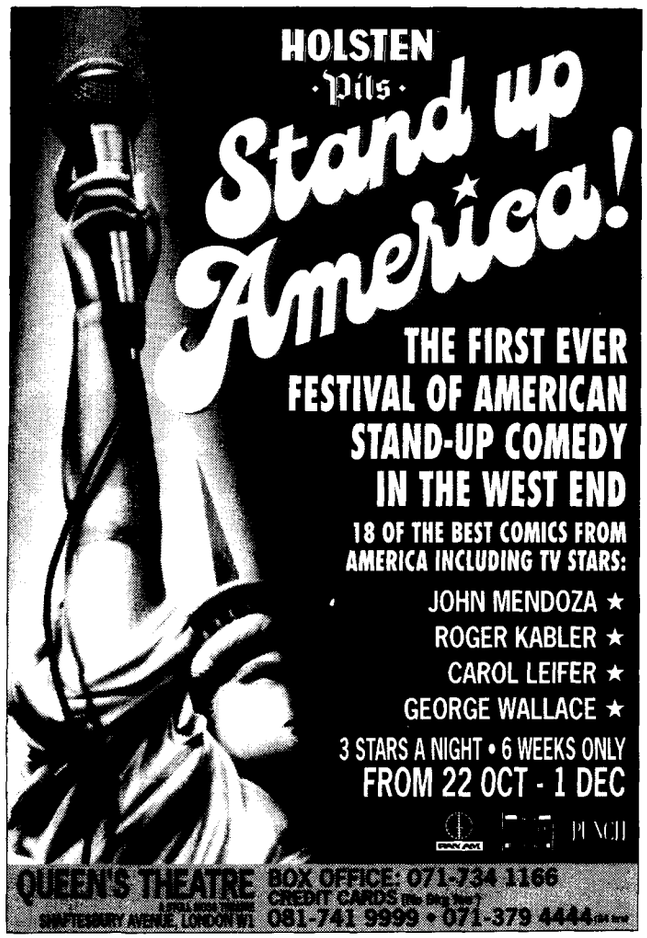

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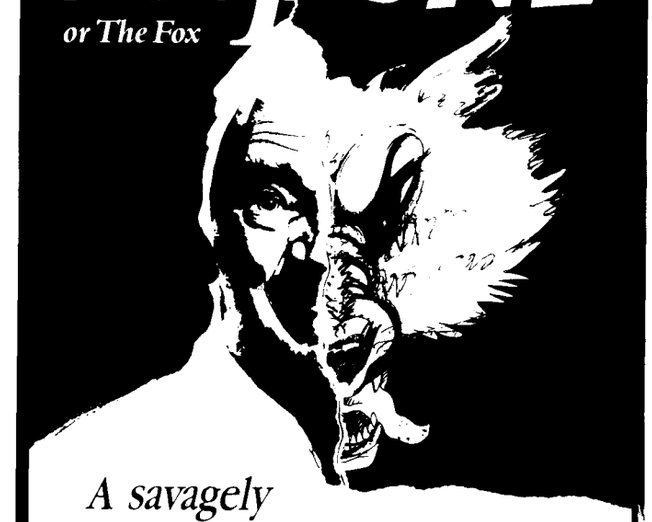

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John Sturrock/Network

Time for a revamp: the wrong side of the counter at the DHSS office, Brixton, 1978

Architecture

Beefing up benefits

Louise Rogers on an attempt to revamp the dole office

Put people in cages, and they behave like animals. Design with sympathy, and tame the beast. A neat idea—but, despite the infamous pink police cells and a number of piecemeal prison and health service experiments, little has been done on the psychology of architecture and design since the mid-seventies, when environmental determinism was fashionable and designers were more concerned with theoretical questions.

Updated scientific data on how people react to their built environments are rare—research is expensive, time consuming and, above all, open to so much debate that achieving credibility for results is nearly impossible. Attempts to put such research into practice on a large scale are even rarer, but that is what the Department of Social Security (DSS) is about to do.

Every one of the 500 DSS offices in the UK is to be rethought, refitted and reviewed in a corporate-identity exercise, courtesy of Lloyd Northover—the same company that brought us the brand identities for Barclaycard, Asda, the Rover Group and the Employment Group.

Work on the first prototype of the new-look, new-attitude system is planned for the existing 33,000 sq ft Leicester office.

The budget available for any corporate-image revamp is usually expressed as the amount of money allowed for the relevant image-making products—signage, furnishings and decorations—per square foot of available space. Lloyd Northover has been allocated £20 per square foot for the DSS project, which compares, for example, with an average of approximately £95 for a big bank refit, and perhaps £36 for a supermarket. With this in mind, attempting to change the public's perception of what is traditionally seen as the sharp end of an uncaring, unsympathetic system is a daunting task.

But things are getting tough at the DSS, and the difficulties of attracting and retaining staff (some offices can boast a 100 per cent staff turnover every year), and combating soaring maintenance costs due to vandalism, are now biting hard.

As well as the official line—wanting to portray the department as the caring and professional institution that it insists it is—the government may also have more pressing reasons for adopting such a noticeable change of heart. Next April, the DSS will be transformed into the new Benefit Agency—striking a further blow for autonomy (and possibly for privatisation?). There aren't many private enterprises that would want to take on the sordid, badly maintained and publicly hated department as it stands.

Research carried out into a cross-section of 13 existing offices revealed that current conditions are just as depicted in the worst horror stories told by many. Some of the offices are totally inaccessible to all but the super-fit (seven storeys up on a National Car Park, for example), some do not even have chairs for the claimants, and still others are muscle-bound by the security systems, fire-bomb shutters, grids and guards needed to protect the staff from the public.

Turning the standards around and providing good design for all the users is the key to the new-look DSS. If it is good enough for pensioners, then it's good enough for everyone, says project manager Adam Rawls. Design with the highest standards, and the behaviour of the vandals and the violent will rise with you—Lloyd Northover may not see it as such, but it is, in fact, attempting to design out crime.

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Not that the designer has had the free hand that any design consultant would like. In addition to the tight (and highly political) financial constraints, in an obvious cost-cutting exercise, the DSS has decided to base the department's image on a logo device originally intended for letterheads and department literature only. Designed by Wolff Olins about two years ago, the blue and orange logo will now be taken into the office to be the key image.

Security is obviously one of the project's most important considerations—with up to 4,500 visitors per week, each office faces a lot of angry and desperate people—and much of the new work has entailed designing new, custom-made security or bandit screens, which encourage both the customer and staff to look through them rather than at them. The same ideology applies to other fittings, designed not to look so securely nailed to the floor.

More psychological games are played in the spatial division of all the offices into two distinct areas. There will be a "hard", almost fast-track, reception, in which all visitors will be met by a member of staff (hopefully an end to the inhuman, delicatessen-style ticket system) and given the basic advice, literature or forms they need. If claimants need a more detailed interview, appointments may be made or they may be asked to wait in the inner area.

The inner "soft area" will be much plusher, with a slower, more leisurely feel—low-level seating, coordinated carpets, built-in distractions for children, mother-and-baby rooms and easy access to the personal interview areas. A far cry from the cold linos, paint finishes, plastics and Formicas that are prevalent now.

Systemised chair, table and accessory modules have been designed in four or five stages so that they can be built up gradually from a skeleton system to the full, cushion-covered, colour-coordinated set. This will enable local offices to budget the changes over a number of years, and is also intended to allow offices in the hardest areas—where vandalism is at its worst—to build up the new look, depending on what survives.

Lloyd Northover's brief has also been extended into the staff work areas. Again the corporate colours and new "professional" image reigns, but, this time, it concentrates on providing identifiable work areas for the staff, with individual work stations which can be moved and, it is hoped, will help promote the feeling of worthwhile employment, rather than the current low-status image of jobs within the department.

Many would argue that it will take much more than a lick of paint to change the well-deserved reputation of the most unglamorous and uncaring government department on both sides of the counter. But the designers disagree. If ever there was an experiment to show whether design can affect behaviour, then this must be it, and the designers are steadfast in their view that it can. They may have a point. Just one year after completing a similar project for the old Job Centres—now called the Department Services—Lloyd Northover can proudly say that not one of the new-look sites has been vandalised by its users and that staff turnover has plummeted.

Drained forestry land with snow near Lairg, Sutherland

Photography

Rural routes

David Crouch on Fay Godwin

Familiar images of the countryside distort the diversity that really exists: it is not all large-scale farming and great places, and Fay Godwin presents images of places that are off the usual map, confronting us with alternative landscapes that inform the way we read the other images. Images of smallholdings are represented as owners living *with the land*, rather than asserting power over it. And we are led to question how we look at landscape.

An image of beautiful open moorland takes on another meaning when it centres on a sign declaring ownership and forbidding use. In other *views*, access, a packaged landscape and payment go together. Greenham *Common* defies its name. Elsewhere, ownership is declared by the accumulation of the owner's rubbish.

It is a surprise that people feature so rarely in Godwin's work. We are there almost accidentally, as if adding mystery to the landscape by the way we "appear"—like the disoriented visitor coming out of the tawdry heritage subway that hails Stonehenge. The photographs by Paul Strand and Jean Mohr have tackled the question of landscape, where people are the centre of a landscape they have helped to create, and which forms a central part of their everyday lives—their strength lying in their ordinariness. Godwin's photographs of our forbidden land perhaps *need* to be empty—they demonstrate how emptied much of our landscape is—as a process as much as a view.

The photographs in the current exhibition, **Our Forbidden Land** (Royal Photographic Society's Gallery, Bath, from 13 October), are significant in the history they associate with the landscape. Some are photojournalism in their immediacy, while others are timeless. But the fleeting events exhibited are not great moments. This is the central tension in these pictures; tension between the layers of meaning in a landscape and the fragmentation of time, engineered through a particular exercise of power.

Godwin's landscapes represent power, but her photographs do not appropriate place. Rather, they concern the way that land and views of it have been appropriated; the exercise of undemocratic power over land; where people walking have been presented as a threat to our own, forbidden, land. Political ideology is not sacrificed for green persuasion.

Photographically, this is uncertain ground, but this collection works. We are directed to respond rather than to absorb. Despite its anger, this work is full of vigour and sensuality in the land—"a grotty little country, but despite infuriating wealth, full of surprises."

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The Edge

The death of Hamlet

A new frontier is open for business in the east, says Stuart Cosgrove

When the Berlin Wall was dismantled and Checkpoint Charlie made redundant, the giant American tobacco corporation, Philip Morris Inc, immediately erected a gigantic hoarding advertising Marlboro, the most male and American of cigarettes. It was a significant and expansionist gesture.

The western market for cigarettes is declining under the cumulative weight of the health lobby and the fashion for health and personal ecology. Losing a grip on its domestic heartlands, the industry has been forced to look eastwards to the untapped markets of the old Communist bloc, and even more perniciously to third-world countries like Kenya and the Philippines where there is no prohibitive legislation to control cigarette merchandising.

Next year will mark a critical milestone in the history of cigarette marketing, a year of industrial anxiety, in which the tobacco trade's most powerful allies, advertising and sponsorship, will come under profound scrutiny. An EC broadcasting directive, which completely bans tobacco ads from television from October 1991, also seeks to extend the ban to cover all areas of the media, including magazines, poster hoardings and public displays.

Britain already prohibits television ads, but the new legislation will mean the death knell for cigars and pipe tobacco. By the ides of March 1992, in what will seem like a tragic twist of Shakespearean fate, the British public will have to confront the death of Hamlet. One of television's most familiar and reassuring dramas —the adverts for Hamlet cigars—will fade into precious memory.

The Hamlet campaign evokes a world of mock existentialism in which a small cigar turns an everyday mug into a stoical hero. There is the unfortunate footballer who is disembowelled when the ball rebounds off the crossbar, the parched adventurer in the middle of the Sahara who spills his last drop of drink, and the hapless loving couple on a day trip to the zoo who can only watch in disbelief as a gang of voracious monkeys dismantle their Ford Cortina. You can almost detect the look of reflection and resignation on their faces: to be or not to be, that is the question!

Hamlet's death will mark the passing of a significant phase in British advertising, a period of unprecedented wealth and creativity, which will be seen in retrospect as a golden age of puff and product identity. The Thatcher years have created a climate in which the demand for advertising has flourished, but they have been

Beverly Levy

difficult times for the tobacco trade. Forced on the defensive, it has increasingly turned to sports sponsorship and can only reflect on the unfettered campaigns of the past.

The history of cigarette advertising has its own peculiar milestones. Ronald Reagan lent his name to Chesterfields in 1948, in the fifties Rothmans introduced the reassuringly uniformed arm of an airline pilot, and in 1959 Wills tried to launch the crushproof pack. But in the sixties everything changed. In a collusion of style, safety and health consciousness, the old tars of British smoking—Capstan and Senior Service—were swept aside as the industry tried to cling on to its ageing and dying market.

Realising an uphill struggle lay ahead, the advertising industry embarked on an ambitious project to promote the filter tip, promising the British smoker a fantasy that Fellini might have been proud of: a slow, painful and artistic death.

Because of the medical dangers associated with smoking, and the restrictions that have been placed on tobacco adverts over the years, the constraints on tobacco advertising have manoeuvred cigarette ads into a unique position at the avant-garde end of marketing. Banned from television, scrutinised by watchdogs and obliged to carry government health warnings, the ads that do appear in magazines and on advertising hoardings have taken on a deliberately enigmatic aura. Forced out of the noisy mainstream of television, they have sought refuge in art.

The award-winning Benson and Hedges campaigns of the eighties are almost irritating in their cleverness. By playing with rectangular shapes, the colour gold and the teasing abstractions of postmodern art and design, they dragged advertising away from the literal association between a product and its desirability, and encouraged the intelligent passer-by to identify with rarefied culture, heightened sensibilities and thinking-person's lung cancer.

Silk Cut was marginally less successful in pursuing the same sort of strategy. Blessed with two of the best buzzwords a commercial director could ever hope for, the brand put its faith in a clever, but ultimately culpable, visual conundrum, which simply showed a piece of purple silk (cut). But the slit in the silk with its "implied" vaginal associations and its unsettling undertones of violence against women, only served to alienate a huge cross-section of the people the advert wanted to attract. Not even the current campaign, showing the tediously familiar purple silk in the form of a barbed-wire fence, has fully shaken off the mantle of misogyny.

The current Kensitas campaign is a belly laugh by comparison. A late entrant into the gallery, the Kensitas ads that adorn posters throughout Britain have a Penguin-paperback view of art. They have swapped complexity for condensed simplicity and propose a view of modern art that barely rises above a dismal historiography of dismembered ears—Picasso's blue rinse and Salvador Dali's melting Rolex. The campaign shows a range of affable smokers heartily enjoying a good puff on a dog's bone or a fish. A fish? It's so surreal, I probably dreamt it.

Although the Kensitas campaign will never win awards for originality, it is at least conducting itself at the level of creativity. The American tobacco industry, which spends a staggering $700 million a year on advertising, seems palaeolithic by comparison.

Despite its art status in Europe, the current US campaign of Benson and Hedges features a happy couple stretched out on their couch. Apart from his designer yachting shoes, it is so literal and "realistic" it could have been conceived in 1948. Conservatism rather than creative abstraction dominates American cigarette advertising. Marlboro still persists with its *Rawhide* image in the increasingly desperate hope that it will rival Coke as the ultimate American commodity. The fact that America has replaced Checkpoint Charlie with cancer's answer to Clint Eastwood is proof that the cold war is over and the new frontier is open for business.

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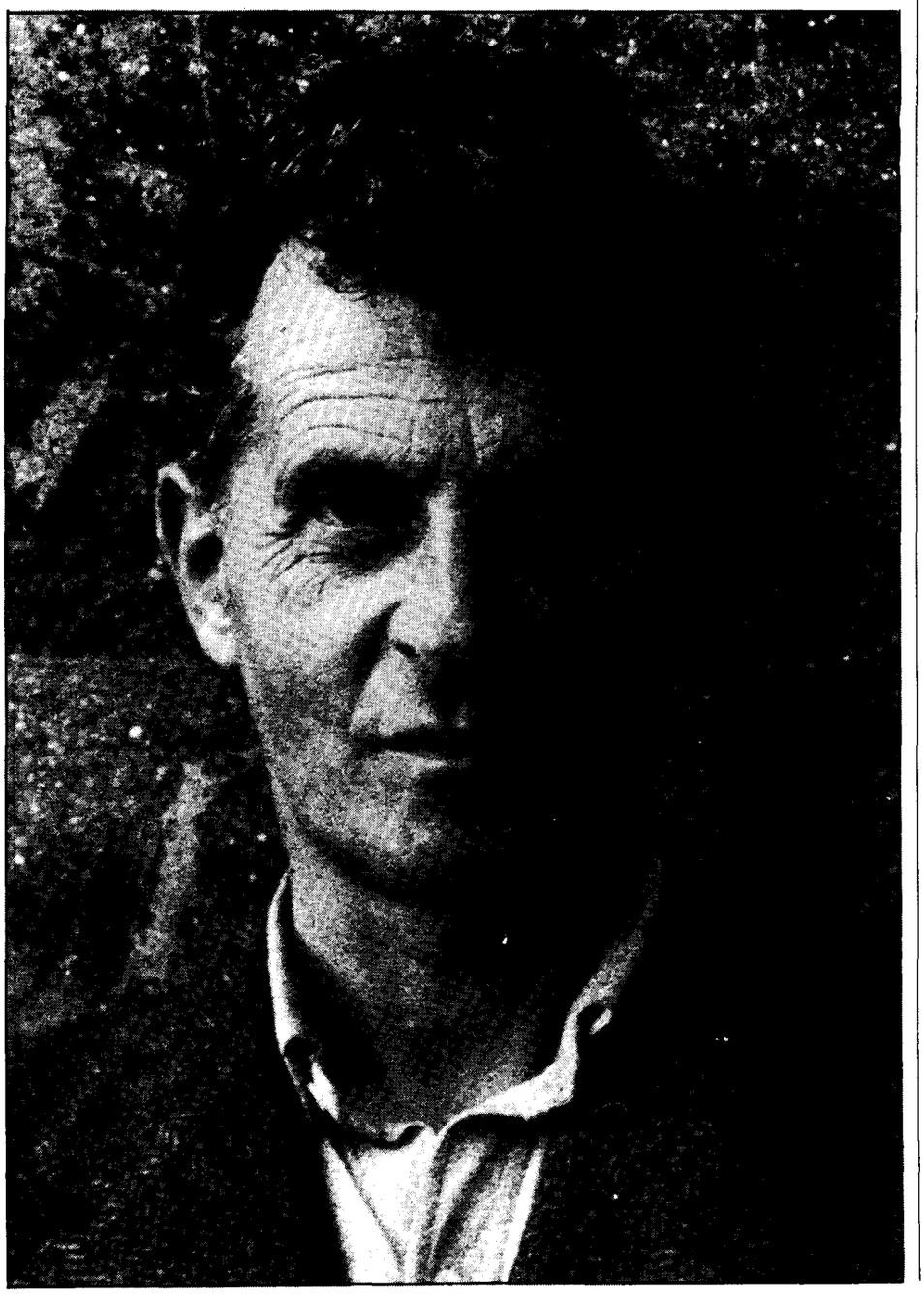
The logic and loves of Ludwig Wittgenstein

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN: THE DUTY OF GENIUS
Ray Monk
Jonathan Cape £20

Michael Tanner



Between logic and sin—Wittgenstein

This book is an impressive achievement. It belongs to the genre of semi-popular critical biography, but manages wholly to avoid the dangers of vulgarity, salaciousness and condescension. Though it is fairly long, I wished it were a good deal longer. Partly that was because Ray Monk was, to his own admitted surprise, and to that of anyone who knows about the history of Wittgenstein's private papers, given full and free access to them, and allowed to quote whatever he liked. The resulting material—a very large proportion of the book consists of extracts from Wittgenstein's diaries and letters—is so fascinating that another couple of hundred pages would have been welcome.

Two years ago, the first volume of Brian McGuinness's official biography, covering the first 32 years of Wittgenstein's life, was published, and presented a great deal of information in a remarkably boring way. One got from it no sense at all of what it might have been like actually to encounter Wittgenstein. And a highly contentious area of his life—his passional and sexual existence—was totally neglected. This silence was the louder because of the sensational claims made by a previous biography, by W W Bartley III, which had been published first in 1973 and in a revised edition in 1985. The scandalised reaction by Wittgenstein's literary executors, though justified by the total lack of concrete evidence, inevitably left questions in the minds of readers.

Monk deals with Bartley in a level-headed appendix, the conclusion of which is a judicious agnosticism. But he has used Wittgenstein's coded notebooks (a very simple code) and letters to present a candid, moving and wholly convincing account of Wittgenstein's loves, so that it is now established that he did have powerful and long-lasting relationships with a not very large number of men, mostly much younger than he was, and that he had a strongly sensual nature. He desperately craved such love, but at the same time he found it very difficult to behave well towards those for whom he felt it, especially if it was reciprocated. He was not, it seems, guilty on account of his homosexuality so much as on account of the conflict between its physical expression and the nobility which he, with striking *naïveté*, expected love to manifest itself in.

Perhaps more surprisingly, Monk reveals that Wittgenstein had a relationship with a young woman for several years, which he hoped would remain platonic, regarding it as a duty not to bring children into this vile world, and seems to have been amazed that she wasn't prepared to contemplate marriage to him on those or any other terms.

This material is not only highly interesting in its own right, but bears on the brilliant subtitle of this book, which in turn relates to the epigraph from Otto Weininger, "Logic and Ethics

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are fundamentally the same, they are no more than duty to oneself." Of all the *fin de siècle* Viennese figures who influenced Wittgenstein, Weininger is the most bizarre and, indeed, crazy. He committed suicide in Beethoven's house at the age of 23, shortly after the publication of his book, *Sex and Character*, in which he gave expression to his self-loathing by arguing for the universally evil nature of all his own salient characteristics.

The young Wittgenstein found that the description fitted him almost exactly, and concluded that without genius one would be worthless—though he spent his life castigating everyone who didn't more or less answer to the late-Tolstoyan idolisation of the simple peasant. Knowing that he possessed genius, but dubious of its moral standing, Wittgenstein's diaries are tragic documents of resolution fighting with despair. It seems never to have occurred to him that without self-love it is impossible to care about anyone else, and in some respects he seems to have spent his life locked in an adolescent absorption with his own misdeeds, real or imagined. He certainly ranks with the great moral hypochondriacs.

It was only in his last love, for a medical student 40 years younger than he was, that he finally acquired any intimations that, as he wrote, "it is the mark of a *true* love that one thinks of what the *other* person suffers. For he suffers too, is also a poor devil." He wrote that when he was 57, "as though it had struck him for the first time", Monk remarks.

Monk is justified in spending so much space on Wittgenstein's erotic preoccupations because Wittgenstein himself saw all his major concerns as constituting a whole. The famous exchange in which Russell asked him whether he was thinking about logic or his sins, to which Wittgenstein replied, "Both", is as succinct an episode as any to illustrate this fact. Hygiene in any department of one's life was possible only if it obtained in all others, physical as well as spiritual and mental. And he seems to have identified hygiene with health.

Monk attempts to convey this seamlessness in his life by moving from accounts of his work in mathematical logic to his practical ventures, such as the prison-like house he built for one of his sisters in Vienna, and his personal relationships, without signalling any change of topic. He doesn't quite bring it off, if only because Wittgenstein didn't either. I am also not sure that a good deal of the philosophical and logical exegesis, the proportions of which increase as the book proceeds, will be intelligible to non-philosophers; or worse, that if they are, whether readers will see why they should have been the object of such passionate, even suicidal concern.

It probably needs the gifts of a great novelist to convey the intimate connection that Wittgenstein felt between logic and sin. Monk can usually do little more than juxtapose them. He is quite extraordinarily restrained and non-judgmental. But those admirable qualities may only come at the cost of a certain distancing, which means that he can't fully show, as opposed to telling, the desperate tumult in which Wittgenstein spent his life.

On the other hand, the unblinking presentation of "the facts" in this lively way does leave one with a sense, if not of what it was like to be Wittgenstein, at least of what it was like to be with him. One winces at the severity with which tiny delinquencies were rebuked, warms to his generosity and helpfulness, is embarrassed (as Monk is) at the badness of his jokes, bemused by his unceasing vitriolic hatred of Cambridge and academics and his inability to stay away from either for very long.

Very much aware of the beauty or otherwise of his surroundings, he is not recorded as giving any verdict on the physical environment of Cambridge—he seems to have been too obsessed with loathing the colleagues who were doing what they could to help him, and persuading intellectually gifted undergraduates to devote their lives to manual labour. But that may be a fault of this book, for Monk does somewhat skimp on the details of Wittgenstein's aesthetic tastes, while emphasising the centrality in his life of literature, architecture and, above all, music.

Wittgenstein's tastes seem to have been both extremely narrow and held with hectoring dogmatism. I was told by someone who met him shortly before his death that "knowing Wittgenstein was the most exciting experience of my life, and I couldn't have stood it for one more day." Monk's book conveys admirably how Wittgenstein would have made one feel that way, and is by far the best general account of Wittgenstein that has yet been written.

Judgment on Denning

LORD DENNING: A BIOGRAPHY
Edmund Heward
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £15

Helena Kennedy

In irreverent legal circles Lord Denning's choice of discs for his exile to a desert island was a source of great entertainment. Your starter for ten could almost invariably produce at least half of his choices and you thought you were joking. "Greensleeves", "Colonel Bogey", "To Be a Pilgrim", "John Brown's Body", "Roses Are Blooming in Picardy", "The King and I" sung by Valerie Hobson, the Judge's song from *Trial by Jury* and, of course, "Land of Hope and Glory". His book choice was Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, but a guess of *Pilgrim's Progress* deserved a round of applause. His selection was perfectly in keeping with his current "sweet old-timer" public persona, and one would imagine that his brothers, the admiral and the general, would have made very similar choices.

However, Lord Denning is not the straightforward soul, whose motivating force is a simple passion for justice, that his biographer would have us believe. Indeed, Lord Denning would be a good candidate for Anthony Clare's radio series, *In the Psychiatrist's Chair*, since the most interesting guests are always those who are riddled with contradictions. Denning fits that requirement perfectly.

What do we make of a man who, on the one hand, maintains "there is no certainty more to be deplored than the certainty of injustice," yet asserts on the programme *Did You See?* that television journalists have no business raking over old cases as they do in *Rough Justice* because it is better that a few innocent men stay in prison than that the law be brought into disrepute?

Many people defend Denning on the grounds that he has lost his way since retirement but that in harness he was the greatest judge of the century. But it should not be forgotten that Denning, while he was Master of the Rolls, encapsulated in his "appalling vista" judgment the fears of the establishment about where the unravelling of miscarriages of justice might lead. He struck out the civil claim of the Birmingham Six with the following words:

"Just consider the course of events if this action is allowed to proceed to trial. If the six men fail, it will mean much time and money will have been expended for no good purpose. If the six men win, it will mean that the police are guilty of perjury, that they are guilty of violence and threats, that the confessions were invented and improperly admitted in evidence and the convictions were erroneous. That would mean that the Home Secretary would have to recommend they should be pardoned or remit the case to the Court of Appeal. This is such an appalling vista that every sensible person in the land would say it cannot be right that these actions should go any further. This case shows what a civilised country we are. The state has lavished large sums of money in their defence. On their own evidence they are guilty. It is high time it stopped because this is really an attempt to set aside their convictions. It is a scandal which should not be allowed to continue."

Needless to say, not a word of this appears in the polite and respectful book that Edmund Heward has written. There has been no teasing out of the anomalies that make Denning interesting.

To my generation of lawyers, he was presented by legal academics as "the doughty defender of the individual and the unprivileged". Here was a judge, we were told, who had sensitive antennae and the common touch, who was not wedded to a narrow pedantic interpretation of the law but who was bold in his efforts to make the law take account of the realities of people's lives. He looked to the intention of parliament or those who created legal documents rather than playing lawyers' games with the small print, often coming to the aid of illegitimate or adopted children in inheritancy claims. He also ran in the face of many of his legal colleagues by refusing to be hidebound by precedent. He stretched the principle of equity every which way to give women a right in the matrimonial home where it was in the name of the husband alone.

I am told that law students nowadays are

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given a more reserved view of his accomplishments and that the traditionalists' concerns that he has played havoc with legal principles are expressed more strenuously.

In the sixties and early seventies, however, he was lauded as the champion of the people, until his antagonism to the power of the trade unions brought about a review of his reputation as a great liberal. In 1979, the Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers called for his resignation over the handling of cases around trade disputes. D N Pritt, who was one of the founding fathers of the Haldane Society and a great socialist lawyer and parliamentarian, had been Denning's mentor when he started at the bar, but he had obviously passed on little of his views on collective rights to his protégé.

Edmund Heward does deal somewhat defensively with the appalling *faux pas* which led to Lord Denning's downfall, when he more or less accused black jurors in the Bristol riots trial of acquitting defendants through racial bias. He also includes an uncritical account of Denning's role in the Right to Silence debate, which, the Court of Appeal decided, put in jeopardy the fair trial of the Winchester Three. But he never really tackles the complicated make-up of this man whose contribution to the law cannot be denied, yet who combines a profound conservatism with a radical reforming zeal—rather like our present Prime Minister.

I have no doubt this book will sell steadily to relatives seeking gifts for ageing lawyers. But it will be received with all the excitement of socks and handkerchiefs, because there is a much more challenging book still to be written on Denning.

Divorce English style

ROAD TO DIVORCE: ENGLAND 1530-1987
Lawrence Stone
Oxford University Press £19.95

Maureen Duffy

"Divorce is now as central to our culture and experience as death and taxes," Lawrence Stone states at the beginning of the third paragraph of this fascinating study, which aims to trace the evolution of divorce in order to answer his own, and possibly society's, question: "How did we get this way?"

This is the theoretical, explanatory first volume of three. The other two, *Uncertain Unions*, about the making of marriages before 1753, and *Broken Lives*, about the breaking of them before 1857, will be composed of illustrative case histories, the raw material on which this volume is based. Inevitably, some of the most interesting reading in this first book is of narratives which have slopped over from its companions, reports of trials and bills of divorce that were published in their own day in newspapers and pamphlets, which Stone rightly sees as serving "all the purposes of a modern TV sitcom", though it could be argued that they are closer to soaps in that the comedy is constantly punctured by tragedy.

This is particularly true of those actions known as "crim con", criminal conversation that was technically neither criminal nor, certainly, conversation, in which a husband took a civil action, usually in King's Bench, for damages against his wife's lover. Since she had no legal personality in common law, she could take no part in the proceedings, and neither husband nor lover testified in person. The lawyers argued; witnesses, who were usually bribed servants, were cross-examined; and then the judge directed the jury to bring in its verdict and decide the damages, if any. By the 19th century, sums of £10,000 were being asked for, and sometimes awarded, forcing defendants to flee the country, often with their lovers, or risk imprisonment for debt. Meanwhile, the rapid development of stenography from the end of the 17th century enabled fuller and fuller accounts to be rushed from court to press, often in the kind of detail that would be the envy of some of today's tabloids.

Success in such an action became the necessary prelude to success in the husband's petition for a parliamentary divorce, which could be awarded for wifely adultery. There was no such avenue for women until a Mrs Addison successfully sued her husband in 1801 on the grounds of incestuous adultery with her married sister. The double standard, however, ensured that the next 40 years saw only five bills presented by women, all of which failed. It wasn't until the Divorce Bill, 1857, that women were give anything like parity with men.

Meanwhile, of course, marriages did break down. Recourse to parliament was available only to "élite males", as Stone dubs them. What did his other categories of "the middling sort" and "the poor" do, or indeed most women whose married lives had become insupportable? Well, there was "separation" by contract, which was convenient but had no legal status, even though marriage itself came to be seen increasingly as a civil contract from the end of the 17th century with the concomitant collapse of the ecclesiastical courts, leading eventually to the introduction of secular marriage by public registrar in 1836.

The English had, of course, practised civil marriage during the Commonwealth (Scotland had always had a different law, closer to that of the continental Protestant countries). That was followed by a period of great confusion after the Restoration, when marriages might take place anywhere and almost anyhow, by vows, clandestinely, by contract, by licence or with banns and a parish church ceremony, in a "peculiar" or the Rules of the Fleet Prison or an alehouse. This led to dispute and litigation about whether the parties were indeed married.

On the validity of a marriage hung grave questions of the legitimacy of children, the right to inherit and the woman's right to property and maintenance. In common law, she had none. All passed to her husband on marriage and she had no rights to her children. It's hardly surprising that a wife would struggle to keep even the most bitter marriage going rather than give up the right to communicate with her children even by letter and resign herself to loneliness and poverty. A typical story from before the 1857 act is of a woman whose husband went bankrupt. She supported him for many years with her trade as a milliner. When he died, he was able to leave all her property and her business to his illegitimate children, and she was penniless.

For the majority, a contract of separation was still beyond their means—as, indeed, was divorce itself, even when the law was liberalised in 1857. Husbands and wives took matters into their own hands and simply absconded, committed bigamy, lived in sin or pursued separate lives under the same roof. For a historically brief period from 1920 to 1950, fewer than 20 per cent of marriages were broken after 20 years by death or divorce, compared with 30 per cent by death in the 1820s and 30 per cent by divorce in the 1980s. The great early terminator of unions until the last decades of the 19th century was death. What is perhaps most remarkable in our era of comparative equality, affluence and "affective individualism" is that so many still last so long.

Berty Khan's revenge

REDEMPTION
Tariq Ali
Chatto & Windus £13.99

David Widgery

Comic novels about the left, like Ethyl Mannin's *Comrade, O Comrade*, about the 1945 split in the Anarchist Federation of Britain, have a habit of not being very funny. The wittiest accounts are, like Claude Cockburn's, true. Tariq Ali's qualifications as the Evelyn Waugh of Trotskyism are debatable, though his publisher, whose idiosyncratic list's only theme is desperation for a bestseller, feels that some sort of intellectual bodice-ripper might prove profitable consolation for us distressed '68ers to curl up with.

Ali used to issue severe tomes with relentlessly red and black typography and titles like *The Stalinist Legacy*. *Redemption* is served up with plenty of serifs, an Orozco detail and the inscription "a novel", just in case you thought it was a watering can. And T Ali's vanguard role in the leadership of the Fourth International is suppressed in the blurb, where he is described as "a writer and film-maker". But the only people this romp will please are the readers of the *Daily Mail* (glad that another escapee from bourgeois norms is safely re-domesticated) and the juvenile left, whose knowledge of Trotskyism has been gleaned from Julie, rather than Ian, Burchill. The uninitiated wouldn't see the point and those who do know their AFL from

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their FLN will want something a bit more sophisticated than this mildly amusing Marxisant campus novel whose Rushdiesque *Ambition* doesn't quite come off.

The Trot-plot is simple and the characters, despite the publisher's disclaimer, bear a great deal of resemblance to actual persons. Ezra Einstein (Ernest Mandel), the polymathic genius of world Trotskyism, aware that the century is ending on "an ironic crescendo", calls a conference on the future of the revolutionary left with the aid of his ex-comrades, Kominsky (Alaine Krivine) and Diabolo (Michael Pablo). It is attended by his arch rivals: Jim Rock (Tony Cliff); Jed Burroughs (Ted Grant); Francois Pelletier (Pierre Frank); the editor of the *NLJ*, Jemima Wilcox (*NLR*, Robin Blackburn); Laura Shaw (Vanessa Redgrave), bearing the embalmed corpse of Frank Hood (Gerry Healey); and Uncle Terry Contraband and all (Gery Lawless).

Einstein, mystically affected by breastfeeding the baby newly delivered by his child-bride encountered during the Brazilian election campaign for Lula (Lula), devastates the conference by proposing mass entryism into the great world religions. The only person missing is, let's say, Berty Khan, the moustachioed ex-Trot *bon viveur*, who makes a living by feeding his notes from a radical youth through a series of word-processors and is filming the conference for the Channel 4 series, *Expletive Deleted* (ex-Trots love a laugh... as long as it's not at their own expense).

There are many in-jokes, some delightfully and *fatwa*-earningly tasteless, concerning Hood-Healey's dildo, Burroughs-Grant's repressed homosexual crush on Norman Tebbit and the movement's early fund-raising activities in a politically OK bordello. Some of the intellectual parodies are brilliant: the faxed critique of Einstein's theses on the East German working class sent by Ricky Lysagh (Perry Anderson) from Papua New Guinea (Los Angeles) is exquisite because it is political rather than just fun-poking. The more fabulous and audacious the book becomes (with Trotsky himself scandalously reincarnated up to tricks with Frida Kahlo), the more interesting it gets. When Ali's imagination really goes wild he is superb, with sex changes, Mother Courage on acid and a KGB encyclopaedia of Trotskyana, whose compilers plead for transfer to Novosibirsk.

But too much of *Redemption* smacks of an adolescent desire to violate the orthodoxies the author once staunchly propounded. This becomes a repudiation not just of the dishonesties of doctrinaire Trotskyism's various love affairs with leaders great and small (long overdue), but also of the left itself. Commitment to Marxism is portrayed as ridiculous (which small groups with big ideas can always be), ineffectual (which it is not), and inherently destructive intellectually.

Beneath the knockabout, Ali clearly feels that Einstein-Mandel could have been an influential figure if only he had not squandered his talent on political organisation. And Alex Mango (Paul Foot) is attacked as an inevitable and cynical corruptor of youthful idealism because he remains a member of an organised group. Given this defeatism, it is not so implausible that socialists who managed to persuade themselves that the east European states were somehow, underneath it all, based on socialist economic relations (which includes most of the traditional Labour left, the CPGB and most ortho-Trots) now enter a bona-fide church.

Thank God things are not turning out quite like this. Indeed, it is a tribute to the turbulent times we live in that Ali's jocular pessimism already seems dated. Just as *Moscow Gold* mirrors the Gorbachev obsession prevalent among western socialists when the Soviet Premier appeared to be singlehandedly transcending Russia's impasse, *Redemption* reflects late eighties capitalist triumphalism, when it seemed possible that western capitalism would effortlessly swallow eastern Europe in its inexorable expansion. Those of us who droned on about imperialist wars and economic recession then certainly looked fair game for parody. But in the nineties, it looks more and more as if Alex Mango, Sugar Brink and Nutty Shardman will have the last laugh.

Paperbacks

Ways of writing

Lucasta Miller

They all "wore their little badges with SS embroidered on the button. It was fun to see the other children looking enviously at them wishing they could have one too."

No, this isn't taken from a Hitler Youth story or a tasteless satire on the Third Reich, but from Enid Blyton who wrote it, incredibly, in 1949. Nicholas Tucker's *The Child and the Book* (Cambridge University Press, £5.95) bristles with priceless quotations. Most are borrowed from children's literature. But Tucker's penetrating analysis isn't a mere nostalgia trip back into your childhood reading. He achieves a real integrity out of the plethora of detailed examples and pluralist approaches with which he tackles this vast and fascinating topic. But he never lets the adult's intellect crush the life out of the child. This is a warm, readable, intelligent book which relates theory to practice (how should you regulate your children's reading?) without preaching. And you don't have to be a parent or a teacher to get hooked.

Children and Their Books, edited by Gillian Avery and Julia Briggs (Oxford University Press, £8.95 paperback/£25 hardback), is a collection of essays celebrating the excellent Opies and their work, which tend to be a little drier in their scholarship than Tucker. But there's nothing dry about Keith Thomas's enchanting essay, which carefully reassesses the received view that, in the face of high child mortality, early modern parents shunned emotional involvement with their children, who, in turn, were stiff little versions of their elders. Excuses for leaving the classroom don't seem to have changed much: one exasperated 15th-century schoolmaster laments that, "as sone on as I am cum into the schole, this felow goith to make water."

When it comes to children's books, there are plenty of old favourites in this volume—Beatrix Potter, E Nesbit, Kenneth Grahame, Lewis Carroll, *Puss in Boots*—as well as the more obscure. The penultimate essay deals with writing by children—diaries from the late 18th and early 19th centuries—but, disappointingly, there's nothing on the Brontës.

Another book of essays about books is Malcolm Bradbury's *The Novel Today* (Fontana, £4.99). The word "today" may be stretching it a bit, since this is a revised reissue of a collection originally published in 1977. Most of the essays date from the sixties, but there's a lively new introduction by Bradbury and a 1984 interview with Milan Kundera, though even that can't take into account subsequent political events in Czechoslovakia.

Whether or not authors have some privileged authority to sound off about their books, once the umbilical cord has been cut and they've been sent into circulation, is a favourite conundrum for critics. On the evidence of this anthology, novelists (Iris Murdoch, Saul Bellow, John Fowles, Doris Lessing, et al) can have interesting things to say about novels. But since, as an up-to-the-minute, state-of-the-art run-down, it's not exactly hot off the press, it's only going to appeal to the more academically minded reader of contemporary novels.

John Fowles's onslaught against "the miserable heresy that creative writing can be taught" makes the very concept of John Braine's handbook, *Writing a Novel* (Methuen, £6.99—another reissue from the seventies), look like an insult. But though there's a sensible amount of demystification here, it doesn't trivialise, and it probably tells you more about novel writing than does Fowles's romantic vision.

It offers friendly advice on everything from how to negotiate with agents and publishers, and the law of libel, to what makes convincing dialogue or dead description. Of course, it doesn't offer a foolproof plan that you can follow with your eyes shut and still get published. But even if you prefer reading novels and don't have any aspirations towards writing them, it's such an engaging book that it's well worth having a look at.

John Braine's down-to-earth advice—write from experience; prefer truth to life over eccentric experimentalism—could hardly be more flagrantly flouted than by Jeanette Winterson in *Sexing the Cherry* (Vintage, £3.99). Projecting the swarming images of fantasy on to an historical backdrop (Charles II's England), she blazes through the boundaries between truth and fiction. This might be the underlying intellectual thrust of the novel, but more original is Winterson's ability to give tangible shape to each bizarre fragment. She may succeed in transposing Braine's realist maxim, "writing is seeing", into a surrealist key. But there's still the problem, if you're going to dispense with linear narrative, of how

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to link each phantasmagoric vision into a sustained piece of prose.

London Fields by Martin Amis (Penguin, £4.99) is less rhapsodic, and far more gripping. Rather than swanning off into the 17th century, he meets the contemporary condition head on. Rather than swimming around in an imagistic dream, he pulls you through with a plot that holds your interest like a thriller. Murder, sex, class, the nature of novel writing—it's all there. And it's written so readably, with such verbal precision and such an ear for dialogue, that it can take on the jaded moral sensibility of the modern age without seeming either pretentious or portentous. Its satire is real satire—it has a genuine underlying seriousness of purpose. Amis is unquestionably a writer with something to say.

Lenin without passion

LENIN: PORTRAIT OF A PROFESSIONAL REVOLUTIONARY
Christopher Rice
Cassell £14.95

Catherine Porter

According to Gorky, Lenin "knew how to be silent about the secret storms in his soul". In the words of another contemporary, Mikhail Koltsov, "the living Lenin is almost totally unknown to us."

It's with a tone of disdainful detachment that Rice sets out to shed light on this "intensely private man". His picturesque evocations of life in Lenin's birthplace on the Volga in the late-1870s are undisturbed by any hint of the squalor and cruelty from which the young Lenin derived his burning sense of injustice, and which drove his elder brother to terrorism. So that when Lenin rejected life as a farmer because "relations with the peasants were abnormal", Rice writes: "What he meant by this we do not know."

When Lenin was 17, his brother was executed. Lenin was expelled from Kazan University and drawn into the Dostoyevskian world of Kazan's political discussion groups, where he immersed himself in Marx. He emerged convinced of the need for revolution in Russia. Denouncing the idea that, "a sea of need could be emptied with a teaspoon of philanthropy," he threw himself into a detailed study of peasant life. All his subsequent studies, his work as a lawyer, his discussions and his writings, were fired by a single aim: class revolution.

Russian revolutionaries in the early years of the 20th century were the first to adapt Marx's words to a revolutionary programme, and in doing so they confronted problems Marx himself had never dreamed of, and solved them in ways of which he might not have approved.

All the more important, then, to give some account of people's actual living conditions in Russia in those years. Without this, it's impossible to make sense of Lenin's part in all the acrimonious political debates that are recounted here in such detail. His arguments for centralised authority and underground politics, written amid mass arrests, prison, exile and the political underground, are similarly hard to grasp without reference to the circumstances that inspired them.

With so little sense of Lenin's involvement in the growing revolution, and the authorities' powerlessness to head it off, it's hard to understand the panic that drove Tsar Nicholas to proclaim the "four freedoms" in 1905, and the dithering helplessness with which Kerensky came face-to-face with his commander-in-chief, Kornilov. For a book claiming an interest in Lenin's personal life, it's surprising, too, how little there is about the "private" Lenin: almost nothing on his intimate relationship with Inessa Armand in Paris, his financial arrangements, or his relationship with his wife and friends.

Lenin's years in power are given similarly short shrift. The author skips lightly over events, from the Bolshevik revolution, the civil war and foreign intervention to the heartbreaking scenes of poverty and chaos in 1918 Petrograd. The mighty social upheavals of that year are reduced to a detailed description of Lenin's writing desk. His talk of the counter-revolutionaries and their foreign backers is ridiculed as the delusion of his fevered brain. His arguments for compromise with the invading German army in March 1918 are unexplained. And the book ends with an account of his deteriorating physical and mental health, and the pomp and excess of his funeral.

Glasnost will surely make possible a life-size account of the man that would protect him from the posthumous Lenin-worship, which he himself would have hated. But Rice's anxiety to avoid idolatry has obscured *any* sense of Lenin's idealism, his courage and his achievements.

A lesser evil?

AN UNCERTAIN HOUR: THE FRENCH, THE GERMANS, THE JEWS, THE KLAUS BARBIE TRIAL, AND THE CITY OF LYON, 1940-45
Ted Morgan
Bodley Head £14.99

Nicholas Richardson

The snap definition of a European is somebody whose country has undergone enemy occupation. Unlikely as it may seem—or sound—Ted Morgan was born into the *gratin*, one of the grander families of the French aristocracy. But, in 1940, Sache de Gramont sent his wife and family to safety in the United States, before joining the Free French in London. He died on active service in 1943.

So Morgan doesn't quite meet the description. It worries him, and his book is a quest to find out just what war, Vichy and occupation really meant to the French. It's a quest that ends with Morgan covering Klaus Barbie's trial at Lyon in the summer of 1987. Barbie's trial wasn't quite the great pedagogic exercise some Frenchmen had wanted, more had feared, and Barbie's lawyers threatened. (For one thing, he could be tried only for crimes against humanity, as opposed to war crimes, because those were covered by the statute of limitations, and this made for an unlovely public row between former members of the Resistance, and the Jewish community.) For all that, Barbie brought all the strands together: collaboration, resistance (and Lyon was the capital of both), and, above all, the round-ups and deportation of Jews.

But Barbie had been responsible only for the last convoys, in 1943-44. Way before that, Vichy had anticipated, and sometimes even exceeded, German demands for action against the Jews.

Morgan's strategy is to trace the *rafles* and convoys in detail, so as to make a crucial point. Law and orders can be a cloak, logistics a means of depersonalisation, people can become merely human ballast. The French who were responsible for the deportation of some 75,000 Jews—and the vast majority never came back—saw only a piece of the action. It was a paradigm of Arendt's "banality of evil".

As Morgan sees it, Vichy's sin was the doctrine of "a lesser evil": better that foreign, recently naturalised, Jews should be deported rather than French. But he overlooks the fact that, in the literal sense, it was Vichy's original sin, the whole idea that a semi-independent (or more like quasi-satellite) regime had any cards to play in the New Order. Understandably, Morgan's account is pretty black and white here. Unfortunately, he carries this Manicheism into the rest of the book. His account of the fall of France, for example, echoes the Vichy indictment: the republic was rotten at the top, the conscript army had no will to fight. His description of the Resistance echoes the same sort of outdated myth, but this time the comfortable and convergent sagas that held the floor until, say, 1970.

Worse, Morgan is inaccurate and condescending, as only an outsider could be, about his countrymen's behaviour as a whole. "In retrospect," he writes, "I'm sorry we didn't stay in France and live through the occupation years. It was one of those times when everyone was faced with a moral choice..." Of course it wasn't. That was precisely the tragedy. For example, was it collaboration for the corner storekeeper to sell cigarettes or cheese to German soldiers? Or for the industrial worker to keep body and soul together, in a world of spiralling prices (let alone the black market) and fixed wages, by "working for the King of Prussia"? Morgan never lived through the *rutabaga* winter of 1940, never had to fight his way around ration cards that promised—the operative word—less than adequate rations, and seems unable to understand the entirely natural preoccupation of people with, not heroics, but just keeping on and getting through. *Sans echec, pas de morale*—and no history without compassion.

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The world of politicians

THE PEOPLE'S PEACE: BRITISH HISTORY 1945-1989
Kenneth O Morgan
Oxford University Press £17.95

Pat Thane

When will the "postwar" period end for Britain? Does any other participant in the second world war still think this way, now that more than half their populations were born too late to remember it? The postwar order has suddenly broken in eastern Europe, but we have experienced no dramatic break or, even in the past ten years, significant shift of trajectory; the period still seems an increasingly dismal whole. As Morgan puts it at the end of this volume, "In 44 years the British had yet to recover fully from victory in the second world war, even though the Germans and Japanese had so manifestly recovered from defeat."

Morgan's is, as one would expect, a thorough and readable narrative, mainly of the high politics of this period. No one should underestimate the sheer difficulty of putting together so lucidly such a mass of data without losing sight of the central issues. Morgan blends the narrative with analysis and comment, in my view sensibly; though, like other commentators on recent history, he cannot suppress opinions on such phenomena as Scargill and the poll tax, so he will not please everybody. But it is refreshing to find a historian willing to make such judgments, and to bring history up to the present—something too many of Morgan's colleagues still frown on.

He is—again refreshingly—sceptical of conventional interpretations, such as that consensus followed the war, when, in fact, it was "partisanship rather than common identity [that] marked the popular mood" in the later 1940s. But he is at his best, as he has shown elsewhere, in his perceptive sketches of leading politicians, notably of Edward Heath. And he describes Wilson as he took up his premiership: "Although only 46... he was already a distinctly shop-soiled enigmatic politician."

Kenneth Morgan breaks welcome ground for the Oxford school of high political history in painstakingly incorporating women where they belong in the narrative; though not everyone will agree that the modern women's movement's emphasis upon personal relationships "generated", rather than brought to the surface and helped some people resolve, "social and personal tensions". And, of course, Morgan makes every effort to give due place to his fellow eminent Welshmen and women (such as Mandy Rice-Davies).

Yet, for all its comprehensiveness, lucidity and perceptiveness, *The People's Peace* never seems to get to the heart of why the British have been unable to generate a new way forward at any time since the war, and why, in particular, as Morgan describes, we have been more unwelcoming to professional technocratic expertise than any other western European country.

He discusses economic policy, often in great and useful detail, but what was happening in the economy and in society more generally is dealt with only sketchily, usually at the end of a chapter. The book is peopled with politicians, sometimes trade unionists, very rarely businessmen and women. Yet, as the conclusion makes clear, the central problems of the period, the enduring—indeed worsening—social divisions, the fact that "the economy was seldom under effective control at any time after 1945", are to a significant degree economic and social or cultural. Throughout the book, there is a curious sense of distance, of politicians inhabiting a world remote from other people.

It would be absurd to criticise Morgan for doing what he is best at excellently, and wisely staying within his area of expertise. But what this does suggest is that the value of political history, with society and the economy left out, is limited; and that there is a need for collaboration between historians and social scientists if we are to achieve adequate historical explanations. As one contribution to this enterprise, this book, by a skilful historian, is welcome indeed.

India's Shakespeare

RABINDRANATH TAGORE AND THE BRITISH PRESS: 1912-1941
Kalyan Kundu, Sakti Bhattacharya and Kalyan Sircar (editors)
The Tagore Centre (UK), Alexandra Park Library, Alexandra Park Road, London N22
£15

Ruth Pavey

In 1912 an Indian poet translated some of his work into English. He was 50 and, while he was convalescing from illness, he "felt an urge to recapture through the medium of another language" the feelings he had originally expressed in Bengali. He was not then thinking of publication.

Later that year, however, on a visit to England, he showed his *Song Offerings* to William Rothenstein. Rothenstein enthused about them to W B Yeats, who was bowled over... "I know of no man in my time who has done anything in the English language equal to these lyrics." In November 1912, the *Times* reported a dinner held in the poet's honour, and Rabindranath Tagore, long celebrated in his own country, shot to European fame. Within a year, he had won the Nobel Prize for literature, and his name had become synonymous with spirituality and wisdom.

For a decade Tagore's star shone bright; wherever he went, whatever he said, new translations of his poetry, stories, plays and songs, were all eagerly reported. Then there was a cooling-off, but, right up to his death in 1941, the British press never entirely lost sight of him.

The progress of his fame is brought vividly to life in the present collection. Starting with the *Times* indexes in the British Library, the editors have done a heroic amount of ferreting among old newspapers to compile as comprehensive a picture as possible of how Rabindranath Tagore appeared to the British public. They have put the press cuttings into chronological sections, annotated them and written an introduction, but thereafter left them to tell their own story.

The result is fascinating. Reviewers clearly liked the idea of the eastern sage with a long beard. Many of them relished Tagore's combination of the spiritual and the sensual, contrasting him with ascetic Christian mystics. But the plays made some of them restive; they wanted more plot and drama: "No doubt it is a creditable attempt by an Indian gentleman to write a play. But it was all on one note and never moved one inch."

A delightfully wry account of a production on a makeshift stage at the Wigmore Hall brings up what was probably the greatest single problem the British had with Tagore, that of translation. Mary Lago (an American scholar whose newly translated Tagore stories will be published next May, and who writes the foreword to this collection) considers that no translation should be expected to last more than 25 years.

Certainly, Tagore's own flowery English soon went out of fashion. But there were other issues contributing to the relative brevity of British enchantment with him. Though he differed from Gandhi as to methods, Tagore was a clear anti-imperialist. He sought to relinquish his knighthood in protest at the Amritsar massacre of 1919, and kept up a constant barrage against western greed and materialism.

Nationalism also appalled him. As to socialism, he wished it well, but expressed perspicacious doubts after a visit to the Soviet Union. Knowing himself to be thus swimming against the strongest tides of his time, he founded his own school and university, called Santiniketan, in Bengal, and sponsored local agricultural reform. (Leonard Elmhirst drew inspiration for Dartington Hall from Tagore, though that connection does not feature in the present volume.)

Tagore's preoccupations as an educator were the development of the individual through the arts, and cross-cultural understanding. The publishers of this collection, the Tagore Centre, has the latter very much at heart. It exists to promote wider knowledge of "India's Shakespeare" and recently described itself as a protest movement against British cultural provincialism. Its forms of protest are unusually agreeable: programmes of Tagore-inspired dance and songs, good food, lectures of high quality. Apart from what appears to have been over-confidence in computerised spell-checking, this book is another of its admirable achievements.

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Breach of trust

Inner-city hospitals that choose to opt out could quickly go under

Virginia Beardshaw

The revolution is upon us. All over the country, new model health authorities are meeting for the first time. They have been shorn of local government, professional and trade union representatives. The old order's uneasy compromises between "community representation" and service management have ended. The slimmed-down bodies unashamedly follow a "board of directors" model, all the better to manage the new, market-oriented NHS Inc.

Underneath the uncritical aping of corporate culture (a smattering of business-school knowledge can be a dangerous thing) there is a grain of sense. The old health authorities were clumsy behemoths, all too easily outwitted or bypassed by the various tribes of professionals that have called the shots in the NHS for over 40 years. Given the unresolvable confusion between their representative and executive functions, they largely deserved to end up in an evolutionary cul-de-sac.

Nevertheless, it is amusing to see so many new-style chairmen going cap in hand to discarded members to ask them to serve (unrecognised and—unlike new-style members—unpaid) on nursing appeals panels and the many other similar bodies that litter the health service scene. Behind the business buzzwords, bureaucracy still exerts its tidal force within the NHS, and the sleek new non-executive members risk drowning in it.

At their first meeting, the revamped authorities will consider applications for NHS Trust status from local hospitals and community services. "NHS Trust" is, of course, Kenneth Clarke-speak for the entities that the general public are coming to know as "opted-out hospitals". That is, the hospitals that will manage themselves independently of health authority controls, with greater freedom of access to capital markets and increased ability to determine staff pay-rates and conditions, as well as to specialise and develop services. To the chagrin of the NHS's regional-level satraps, the trusts will be directly accountable to the secretary of state.

Ministers have a lot riding on trusts. Their firm belief is that opting out offers hospitals a real chance to deliver improvements in the quantity and quality of services. Last month, Duncan Nichol—the NHS chief executive—announced his intention to extend the trust model so that it eventually covers all NHS hospital and community units providing services to the public. That would leave health authorities to concentrate on purchasing services for their populations. If this is to work, the first NHS trusts will need to operate successfully in the new NHS "contract culture" by attracting the business they need.

Given all this, the Department of Health will need to choose its first trusts carefully. This will be difficult, not least because everyone—the department, ministers, health authorities and health service users—is entering a brand-new market. In practice, it will be virtually impossible to assess the viability of the different trust proposals, because so many of the variables critical to their success are impossible to gauge.

The basic problem in London will be too many expensive services chasing too few contracts

This is particularly true of the criterion that the department has stated as the most important: the commitment of doctors and nurses to work with managers to run health services. Even in well-understood markets, successful company flotations are a skilled business, as any merchant banker will tell you. Since the first trusts will be heading into the blue, any assessment of which will survive is likely to be little more than seat-of-the-pants guesswork.

There is an additional twist. Many trust applicants will—if they are chosen—run straight into unresolved problems about the future of health services in inner-city areas with declining populations and a heavy concentration of hospital beds. London, with its weighty inheritance of Victorian and Edwardian hospitals and their associated medical schools, is the most obvious case, but there are others: Liverpool, Manchester and other ageing cities.

The big question is whether there will be enough business to support the massive health service infrastructure in these places once the new internal market begins to bite in 1992 and 1993. For the first time, a hospital's funding will depend on the value of the contracts it attracts, rather than its budget for last year plus a bit extra. So cities with large numbers of expensive beds and few local people to generate the contracts to fill them will have to attract work from outside to survive. If the logic of the health service's new market is applied even semi-rigorously, it is very likely that some will not manage it.

Since more than a quarter of the 65 initial trust applications come from within London, the ministers will have to choose particularly carefully in order to back winners. Given all the uncertainties and structural problems, it is hard to see how they will manage it. Perhaps, in the end, they will decide that old remedies are best, and simply go at the list with a pin.

With this background, the "first wave" trust applications make interesting reading. London Health Emergency, with the health workers' union COHSE, has analysed the 18 London-based applications. Its report, *Opting out in London: Blueprint for Chaos*, makes a systematic assessment of them. Leaving its amusing and incisive trashing of many of the proto-trusts' overoptimistic financial forecasts aside, the report makes clear that the basic problem in London will be too many expensive services chasing too few contracts. This competitive crunch will affect hospitals that do not opt out just as much as trusts. The problem is likely to get rapidly worse when outer-London health authorities and the shires tire of paying London prices for all but the most exotic services, and decide to grow their own.

Closures in London and other inner cities are the obvious consequence. It is hard to see how the government will protect even its chosen trusts from the full effects of the competition it so fervently believes in. It will be interesting to discover whether ministers decide that the solution lies with the current "death by a thousand cuts" approach, or by toughing it out and facing the flak generated by the closure of major teaching hospitals in central London. It will be more interesting still if addressing this knotty problem forces it—along with managers and clinicians—to think hard about what health services for urban populations should look like in the 21st century. Perhaps if this happens we might begin to get an inkling about what business NHS Inc is actually in.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 071-739-1645.

PEN-PALS wanted to correspond with people in prison. Rightlines is a registered charity established to lend support and help rehabilitate offenders. Helpers are required from anywhere in the country, for our pen-pal scheme. For more details write to: Rightlines, 13 Hanover Street, Batley. WF17 5DZ.

PEOPLE LIKE YOU CHOOSE to help – people who are lonely isolated or depressed. Volunteers needed for a variety of projects. We offer training and ongoing support at our offices in Islington & the City. Contact: Choice – FWA, 608 Holloway Road, N19. 071-272 1551.

ST. BOTOLPH'S CRYPT Centre for single people in housing need, Aldgate, London EC3, require volunteers now. Mo n- Thurs. eves. 6 - 8.30 p.m. Please contact Lu Firth, 071-283 1670/1950.

CENTRAL AMERICA WEEK is looking for volunteers to help with preparations for Central America Week 1991; putting together information, sending it out and contacting new people and encouraging them to participate. If you would like to get involved contact Germaine at CAW on 071-631 5173 at 82 Margaret St., London W1N 8LH.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to raise funds locally for an educational project in Pakistan. My aim is to provide education for girls who are resently without any form of schooling. For more information contact Nusrat Khan at The Pavillion, 235 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds LS2 3AP. West. Yorkshire.

HACKNEY Community Transport seeks volunteer drivers and escorts with or without own vehicle. If you are free one evening per month, one day p/w or on odd occassions please give Carlo or Gay a ring at Community Transport Volunteers 081-806 0889. Weekdays except Thurs. Full training given. A little of your time can mean a lot to someone else.

RELEASE legal and drugs advice agency, needs volunteers for its 24 hour helpline. Although experience of working with people in crisis is useful, it is not essential as training will be given. For further details tel. 071 377 5905 (10am - 6pm) or write to Release, 169 Commercial Street, London E1 6BW.

BURY ST. EDMONDS Cyrenians are seeking a volunteer to live, work and share their life with homeless people in an exciting new project, providing accommodation for 10 homeless people. Valuable experience will be gained. Volunteers are expected to stay for at least 6 months. Free board and lodging and generous weekly allowances. Please write to Susan Woodward, Project Co-ordinator, Britannia House, 28 Ipswich St., Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk IP33 1SX.

CITIZENS ADVICE BUREAU in Lancashire seeks volunteer advice workers. All training is provided. Time commitment of 6 hours per week. We are handling a growing debt and social security appeal caseload, and are keen to develop outreach services in the community. Expenses paid. If you are interested in challenging and varied work for further information contact Derek King on 0254 385043. Hyndburn Area C.A.B., 20-22, Whalley Road, Accrington BB5 1AA.

THAMES HELP

Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It appears four times a week on Thames Televison at 5.55 approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

This week THAMES HELP looks at alternative housing.

Monday 15 October – Lewisham Self-Build - 1

In the late 1970's, Lewisham Council came up with a novel idea to get people off their council house waiting lists - it gave them the chance to build their own houses, using a building method designed by Swiss architect, Walter Segal. We go to meet Rose & Terry Phillips, who now have a beautiful Swiss style home in the heart of Brockley.

Tuesday 16 October – Lewisham Self-Build - 2

Fusions Jameen are a black housing co-op who want to build their own houses for rent for people in housing need. Using the Walter Segal building design they aim to transform a piece of derelict land into 4 houses for single people and single parents. However, their scheme has run into difficulties because funding bodies don't seem to like the idea of housing being self-built solely for rent. We go along to meet the co-op surveying their derelict site.
For more details about the Walter Segal Self-Build method, write to: Walter Segal Self-Build Trust, 38 Mount Pleasant, London, WC1X 0AP.

Wednesday 17 October – House Boats

Faced with ever increasing private rents and the high cost of housing in Central London, more and more people are tempted by a life on London's waterways. We go along to Battlebridge Basin in Kings Cross to meet Mickey Green and find out whether living afloat really is the cheap, romantic alternative many people think it is.
Write for a copy of 'Living Afloat' - a guide to living on the water, costing £3.50, published by the Residential Boat Owners Association, to: R.B.O.A., 'Maan Dagen', Box 26, Medway Bridge Marina, Rochester, Kent.

Thursday 18 October – Mobile Homes

There are many people living happily and relatively cheaply in mobile homes on the outskirts of London. However, some mobile home owners are having problems because their site owner is exploiting weaknesses in the 1983 Mobile Homes Act. We go to the Green Belt to meet a resident who has had problems selling his home.

If you're thinking of buying or selling a mobile home get hold of 'A Guide for Mobile Home Owners' published by Shelter. It costs £3.95 from: Shelter, 88 Old Street, London, EC1V 9HU.

THAMES TELEVISION

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

STREETWISE International needs tactful administrative genius to coordinate busy Trustees attending London meetings bi-monthly. Minute-taking also appreciated. We are a database and research charity specialising in street children worldwide. Office near Cambridge or work from home. Other volunteers welcome. Tel. 0223 894182 or write The Old Maltings, Green Ln, Linton, Cambridge CB1 6JT.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA Volunteers. People aged 18 - 65 needed to teach English conversation. Potential teachers should have experience in something e.g. language teaching, tourism, journalism, business, green politics, religion, feminism, etc. Could teach either in Slovakia or Czechlands. Full board, good allowance and wonderful hospitality. Two months minimum. Serious enquiries only to Andy: 0865 62493.

S.W LONDON PROBATION Service (boroughs of Kingston, Richmond, Merton and Sutton). Volunteers needed to help Probation Officers. The Merton Probation Office is looking for volunteers to work with Probation Officers and the people they supervise, in a variety of settings. Do you think you have what it takes? If so phone Jenny Pearson on 081-685 0075 for an informal chat, or for an application form Carole Matthews on 081-546 0018, 45 High Street, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 1LQ.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to help out with an exiting new campaign to support the war widows in Guatemala. We are looking for 1-2 enthusiastic volunteer women with a few hours to spare each week. All fares paid. If interested please contact either Kathy or Steve on: 071 631 4200.

EDUCATIONAL Grants Advisory Service of the Family Welfare Association seeks 1 or 2 volunteers to join two other volunteers assisting with filing, photocopying, typing, sending out of standard letters and leaflets, answering the phone and possibly more detailed advisory and statistical work. For details call Madelaine Wisdom on 071 254 6251. Present office situated in Dalston, Hackney E8, close to North London Line.

VOLUNTEER RESIDENT wanted to organise the running and catering of Visiter/Course centre at our community in mid-Devon. Whole foods cooking experience preferred; a relaxed, friendly-manner essential. All living expenses covered. Details ring Sue on 036 37228.

SUPPORT TENANT required to live, rent free, in small group home for the mildly learning disabled in Muswell Hill, London N10. We require caring, enthusiastic volunteer, who in exchange for living rent free will give approx. 20 hrs p/w support to 4 residents. For further details please contact Ruth Bayard tel. 081-951 5977 at the Ravenswood Foundation.

HI, MY NAME IS STEVE & I live in W. London. I urgently need another helper/driver to start a.s.a.p. No experience needed, just young, fit & keen to help. Three volunteers share my busy life, with free accom. pocket money, poll-tax exemption & generous time off. "A chance you shouldn't miss!" Interested? Tel: 081 577 3226 or write to: S. Cribb, YAC, 51 Grove Road, Hounslow TW3 3PR for details.

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Appointments

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SALARY: £8,547 - £9,684 p.a. (award pending)

CLOSING DATE: 25 October 1990

For details and application forms please ring (091) 232 3126 during office hours or write to the Recruitment Section, Personnel Department, Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic, Ellison Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 8ST, where completed forms should be returned.

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A full job description and application form is available from ICOM is the Industrial Common Ownership Movement Limited Vassalli House, 20 Central Road, Leeds LS1 6DE Tel (0532) 461738

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London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine (University of London)

Department of Public Health and Policy

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The School recently created this long term post in the large multidisciplinary Department of Public Health and Policy and now wishes to appoint a senior anthropologist with interests in public health in Europe and less developed countries. The post would suit someone with a broad academic and geographical experience, who is keen to work in health policy research.

The successful candidate would be expected to have a strong interest in health promotion and disease prevention and to strengthen and expand the School's teaching and research activities in medical anthropology.

Interested candidates are encouraged to contact the Head of Department, Professor Patrick Vaughan, for further information by telephoning 071-636 8636 ext 2255 or 2432.

Please send a full C.V. and names of two referees to Helen Abbott, Personnel Officer, London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, London WC1E 7HT, or telephone 071 636 8636 ext 201 for further particulars. Closing date 2 November 1990. Please quote reference MA1.

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Mainliners is a voluntary agency working in the field of HIV and drugs. The project currently publishes a monthly newsletter, runs a weekly support group, offers a counselling service and telephone helpline, training for other workers and prison work. Mainliners is also committed to promoting self-help activities.

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NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE POLYTECHNIC

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HEAD OF DEPARTMENT Ref A25/90

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Chair of Sociology and Anthropology

Applications are invited for the Chair of Sociology and Anthropology and the Headship of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology, following the appointment of Professor W M Williams, CBE, as Professor of Social Policy. The person appointed will be expected to provide academic and organizational leadership to two closely integrated disciplines.

The salary will be in accordance with normal University practice and the appointment will date from 1 April 1991, or as soon as possible thereafter.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Personnel Office, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea, SA2 8PP, to which office applications (10 copies) should be sent by 30 November, 1990.

EDUCATION OFFICER

Commonwealth Trade Union Council

A vacancy has arisen with the CTUC based in Congress House, London.

Responsibilities include:

- Coordinating a Development Education Project being run jointly by the CTUC and TUC, aimed at increasing understanding in the British trade union movement of issues facing trade unionists in developing countries.
- Assisting with CTUC project work in developing countries of the Commonwealth (this work necessitates some international travel).

Candidates should have a good knowledge of the trade union movement, strong administrative and organisational skills, and experience of trade union education.

The salary is on a scale which ranges from £16,399.78 to £20,566.42 (including London Weighting).

The position currently has funding until Nov. 1992, but there is a possibility of the position becoming a permanent one.

Application forms and further details can be obtained by calling 071 631 0728 or by writing to the CTUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS.

Closing date for receipt of application forms is Friday November 2, 1990.

Ash

Action on smoking and health

DIRECTOR

Smoking kills more than 100,000 people a year in the UK and causes vast suffering, disease and disability. It is the nation's largest preventable public health problem.

ASH, a voluntary organisation, is committed to reducing this and receives Department of Health grants and funds from other health related organisations to co-ordinate and lead the fight.

ASH is seeking a new Director (Chief Executive) to replace David Simpson who has a new post as Director of the International Agency on Tobacco and Health. The appointee will have policy analysis and communication skills, and the ability to manage programmes and provide leadership to a small enthusiastic, committed team.

Salary negotiable — but not less than £25,000.

Further information about ASH and the post of Director is available from the Honorary Secretary, Dr Noel Olsen at 21 Pond Street, London NW3 2PN (071-794 0431 x 2712). Applications in the form of a C.V. should be received by October 19.

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Details from: The Administrator Commonwork Land Trust, Bore Place, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent, TN8 7AR. (Tel: 0732-463255).

Closing date for applications: 26/10/90.

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HOSTEL WORKER — MENTAL HEALTH

Brighton Housing Trust is seeking a worker for one of our Mental Health projects. The project consists of 1 house providing accommodation for 9 people who have experienced long-term mental disorders.

The hostel worker will join a staff team of 6 who work in close co-operation with the Local Health Authority who partly fund the project. Previous experience in Mental Health work is not essential. The successful applicant will be expected to be part of a rota providing 24-hour cover and do two sleep-in duties per week.

Closing date: 12 noon, October 19, 1990.

Interview date: November 2, 1990.

Salary: £10,557 per annum.

Application form and job description available from: 70 Grand Parade, Brighton BN2 2JA. Telephone: (0273) 694939.

Training

Cheshire DANCE Workshop presents

MOVING TOGETHER

A **training** programme for all those working with **adults with learning difficulties** through **dance. Led by PENNY GREENLAND**, one of Britain's leading exponents in the field, the course will run on Nov 6th, 7th and 8th, 1990 **and** Jan 21st, 22nd, 1991, in Winsford, Cheshire.

Further details from:
Jo Buffery — Development Animateur
Cheshire Dance Workshop
Winsford Library, High Street
WINSFORD CW7 2AS
Tel. 0606 861770

Conferences

Working For Childcare

A conference for Trade Union Activists packed with practical ideas on negotiating and campaigning for quality childcare.

Saturday 17th November 1990
10.30 am – 5.00 pm
Natfhe Headquaters, 27 Britannia Street, London WC1.
Registration Fee £25.00.
Lunch and refreshments provided.
Free creche.

This conference is being organised by Working For Childcare, the campaign for quality childcare for working parents, and is sponsored by the following Trade Unions:

BIFU ⋆ CATU ⋆ COHSE ⋆ FBU ⋆ IRSF
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For more information and a registration form contact:
Working For Childcare, 77 Holloway Road, London, N7 8JZ. 071-700 0281.

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Volunteers

ALZHEIMER'S ADVICE LINE

Volunteers urgently needed...for a national telephone advice service for carers and families of those suffering from the most common form of dementia. Ex-carers particularly welcomed but for all who feel they can help in any way training (and expenses) will be provided. Help with both phone and written work needed.
Location: friendly, developing national office in Balham.

For more information contact: Clive Evers or Nicky Shaw, The Alzheimer's Disease Society, 158-160 Balham High Rd, London, SW12 9BN. Tel: 081 675 6557. (fax 081 673 6775).

Publications

DAVID MIEDZIANIK's autobiography as featured in the Radio 4 programme Does He Take Sugar £2.50p including P & P from the Child Development Research Unit. Nottingham University. Nottingham. NG7 2RD. The first autistic mans autobiography.

Miscellaneous

FREE INTRODUCTORY ISSUE of "The Follower"; moderate religious magazine for those who uphold justice, compassion, loving-kindness, religious tolerance and human worth above dogma and rigid belief. Contains practical help on everyday issues, also on ethical and spiritual matters. Send A5 SAE to: "The Follower", BM FOLLOWER, LONDON WC1N 3XX.

ARE YOU CELIBATE? Have you given up sex because you think it is boring, overrated, or just because you find it more fulfilling to abstain? BBC Producer would like to talk to you for forthcoming documentary. All replies will be answered and treated in confidence.
Box (37) 474.

Agenda
Wed 17th Oct

BERNIE GRANT MP on the Labour Party. 7.30 pm, House of Commons Committee Room. Central London Fabian Society. All welcome.

STRESS IN THE CITY: "Lying Down in Church" by Rev. G.C. Harding. Book launch and signing at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard St E.C.3 (Bank sta.) on Wed. Oct. 17th (12.30 - 2.0). Bishop of Durham, Wanda Nash, Copies (£4.95) at the Church, or by post (£5.95).

Accommodation Wanted

MID 20'S STUDENT seeks room in London. Ring Edward on 071 249- 8594.

Accommodation To Let

NW3. FRIENDLY PERSON over 25yrs wanted to share comfortable home till July 1991. £65 per week inclusive. Tel: 071 485 9224.

Holiday/Travel

TEN AMAZING ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS for '91 including China, India, the American South-west, the Orkneys, Bulgaria, Pompeii and Yemen, FRESCO, Dept X, 12-14 Hall Square, Denbigh, Clwyd LL16 3NU. Tel: (0745) 816268. (24 hrs).

Heartsearch

ATTRACTIVE AND CULTURED professional woman (40) seeks a sensitive and intelligent man with a sense of humour and curiosity, to share the ordinary and extraordinary experiences of life. Please reply to Box (39) 485.

MALE GRADUATE, young 43, 5'7", slim, fit, attractive, N/S, warm, affectionate. Enjoys theatre, music, walking. Seeks slim, intelligent woman, any race, for loving relationship. Photo ensures reply. Surrey. Reply to Box (39) 486.

ATTRACTIVE + WARM professional woman slim + lively, enjoys arts + countryside seeks male graduate or similar, aged 48 - 58. Box (39) 487.

WOMAN, 30. I may be unsophisticated, unfit, insolvent, neurotic and cynical but I'm funny and at least I'm not pretentious. Northern men reply Box (39) 488.

SENSITIVE, THOUGHTFUL, sometimes serious, sometimes silly, male professional, thirties, vegetarian, smoker, interested in poetry, music, theatre, cinema, philosophy, spirituality, psychotherapy, seeks woman of similar age and interests who appreciates how fragile the flowers of love can be and who has the time and the patience to nurture them well before the harvest. London based. Longish letter plus photo reciprocated. Box (39) 489.

GREEN LEEDS FEMALE; sex-starved, slim, long legs, long dark hair, 5'10", 48; deeply into love, long walks, hills, wholefood, meditation; seeks special man. No Thatcherites. Box (39) 490.

DEEP DEVON LANES. Rolling moors. Serene seas. 18th century village home. This M.A. Eve needs an Adam to make her paradise complete. Please reply to Box (39) 491.

MALE GRADUATE, 44, seeks non-smoking lady friend. My interests include art, music, history, literature, old films and exploring London. Please reply Box (39) 492.

AM I THE ONLY LONELY, but well-balanced, leftie out here? 30's bloke, bruised but resilient and witty, lots to give, Labour activist and CND, AA passivist, needs woman, 20's or 30's, for light-hearted but serious relationship. Yorks, Lincs, or nearby. Photo appreciated. No time-wasters, please! Reply to Box (39) 493.

MS LEFT (25-40), who likes Jazz, books and films, sought by straight no chaser (27), for fulfilling relationship. Chesterfield/Sheffield. Please write to Box (39) 494.

TOSCA SEEKS HER CAVARADOSS, (late 30s or older). Box (38) 475.

WOULD BOX (37) 472 - "Humourous, sometimes lazy, female..." please contact us to supply her address.

MALE GRADUATE (55) married but good humoured and solvent seeks female friend. For correspondence/meetings in Bath, Bristol or Southwest. Box (39) 482.

WOMAN, 45, interests writing, singing, theatre, Italy, bewildered dearth civilized men, tired of mad and bad. Any kind, sane, literate men left? Warwickshire. Please write to Box (39) 483.

LOVING IN WEST YORKS. Caring woman (44) attractive, enjoys music, walking, art, laughing - much else, works with children. Seeks sincere and sensuous man to share being close and feeling in touch with all around us. Please reply to Box (39) 484.

ATTRACTIVE, WARM, unconventional lady (mid 40s) in visual arts, tired of kissing frogs. Seeks cultured, fun loving, thoughtful prince (44-54) to share laughter, friends, theatre and silences. Photo please. Clwyd. Box (34) 429.

MOZART MONET MOUNTAIN lover friendly caring romantic intellectual practical solvent free fit energetic 60, 6ft invites adventurous lively-minded woman to share his love and life. I'll make you the best omelettes around Manchester. Replies to Box (38) 481.

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ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL females seek Mr right, interesting and intelligent call us and find out. Teledate: 0839 - 812081.

LADIES, if the men in this advertisement do not match your dreams please call. Teledate: 0839 - 812622.

WELL TRAVELLED COUNTRY LADY, 46, loves living in the wild and the peace of the hills, seeks confident, adventurous male. Teledate: 0839 - 813057.

LIVELY AQUARIAN WOMAN, 34, fed up with unexciting men, loves living & laughing, seeks effusive, enlightened male. Teledate: 0839 - 813058.

CARING, SOCIALLY AWARE lady, 50, voluntary worker, experienced but with few regrets, seeks similar honest male. Teledate: 0839 - 813337.

Teledating uses Premium Rate Services. Calls on TELEDATING numbers commencing 0839 are charged at 33p per minute cheap rate and 44p per minute at all other times.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3146 Set by E O Parrott
The party falls silent and there floats upon the air the remark that casts a complete damper on the occasion.

Report by Ms de Meaner
The trouble is, you just don't read the rules! Or, perhaps you did and got overcome with nostalgia. Countless old hands took the opportunity to re-enter competitions that last graced these pages five or six years ago. Competitions like: *Polite remarks guaranteed to get rid of guests who look like staying forever*; or *Words heard on stepping over the threshold which make you wish you hadn't come*. Some of the more cunning even recycled the winners to the latter which appeared in *An Owl in a Sack Troubles No Man*—the most blatant being the original offering from Geoff Horton: "Sir Geoffrey's on sparkling form tonight."

I wonder, too, what an observer would make of your damper-causing remarks: "...and burst during intercourse", "...in her knickers, that's the first place they look", "...and I said, why *not* eat people if you're hungry?", "...expects me to lick the treacle off" and lastly "Gazza? Who's Gazza?..." For my part, any *one* of these remarks would immediately convince me I was mingling with exactly the right sort of people at what was obviously going to be a famously entertaining party.

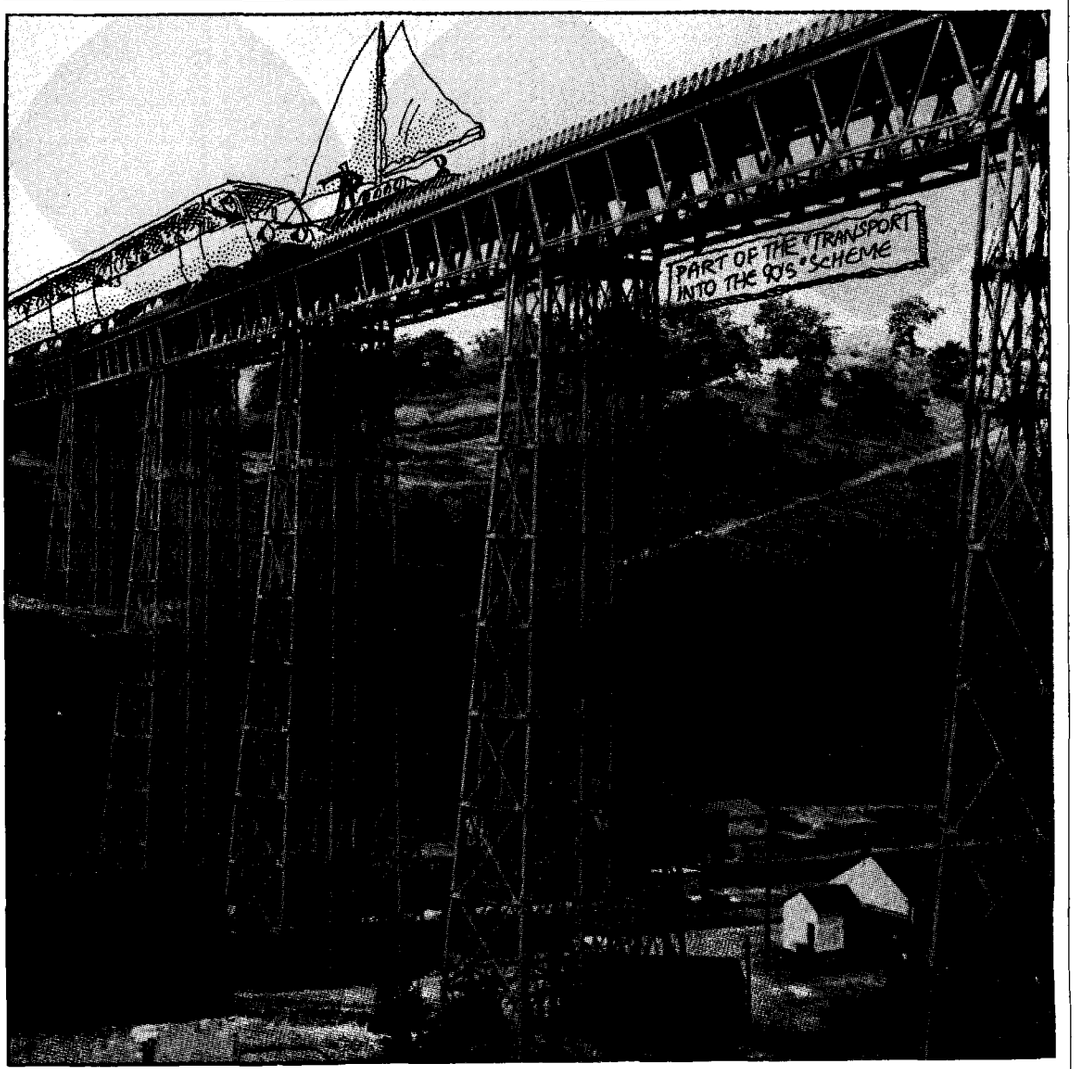
For those who made it on to the page: a fiver for each winning entry, plus an extra five for Gerard Benson for excellence beyond the call of duty.

"Well if it's not vomit, what is it?"
"Jesus loves you."
Gerard Benson

"...can't help wondering why our host is carrying a gun."
J Timson

"I've heard there's more nutriment in just one glass of this excellent Burgundy than a starving child in China gets in a year!"
Pascoe Polglaze

"Mind you, I have to watch him when he's had a few—his idea of a practical joke is to pee in the punch when no one's looking..."
Nick Thomas



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"I've only been in the Special Branch for two weeks."

Paul Nish

"...only 8.45? I suppose it'll liven up once the pubs close."

M E Ault

"Have you noticed there's a little camera on top of the pelmet?"

Harry Edwards

"Yes, the other doctor confirmed I had only two weeks to live."

Katie Mallett

"'Radiant'—that's the word I always want to use about the Queen Mum."

"Well, whether they did it or not, if they've already served 15 years, it's probably kinder to leave them where they are."

Martin Fagg

"...and bugger me if I didn't come up HIV positive!"

"And I slew the blasphemous renegade in the name of Allah!"

Basil Ransome-Davies

"...I cleaned up most of it but I couldn't get all the lumps down the plughole."

Sue Fenton

"Who would wish to be President of the United States at a time like this?"

David Silverman

"Well, if it's blocked, it's blocked, and there's nothing we can do about it now."

Tony Joseph

"Apparently 'The Cedars' has been sold to some Coloureds."

D C Makin

"That knocking upstairs? They lock her mother away when they have company."

John Garrett

No 3149 Set by Russell Lucas

Adam and Eve, Joseph and Mary, Maggie and Denis—any famous couple you like, fictitious or not—have arrived at Relate (the Marriage Guidance Council) asking for help. Extracts from the discussion, not exceeding 250 words please, to be in by 18 October.

An Owl in a Sack Troubles No Man

A compilation of the best of our famous Weekend Competition 1979 - 88

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits - Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail and Peter - and very delicious they were too. (The Tale of Peter Rabbit).

Robin Ravensbourne

The hand that wears the boxing glove cannot lift the vol-au-vent to the lips.

Bill Greenwell

Ayatollah Khomeini: I like to see a shapely pair of legs on a woman.

D.M. Stobbs

If you missed out, you can order your copy by sending a cheque for £2 (to cover admin, P&P), made payable to New Statesman & Society, to:
Owl in a Sack, NS&S, Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ. *Generous discounts for bulk orders.*

CHESS

So Kasparov and Karpov are at each other again, in New York, for what will be the fifth title match that they have contested. Their personal duel seems to have been going on for ever, the ultimate in slow-motion martial arts.

Let's just do a recap. The story so far... The saga started with the 48-game Moscow marathon, so controversially terminated by Campomanes, that stetched from September 1984 to February 1985. When the FIDE president called enough, Karpov was leading by 5 wins to 3. But, as he had been leading 5-0 more than two months earlier, he was the one who was looking groggy. This gruelling experience put paid to the idea that draws should not count, and subsequent matches have reverted to the limit of 24 games. In their second match, played in Moscow later in 1985, Kasparov captured the title with a score of 13-11, winning 5 games to Karpov's 3. The following year Karpov exercised his right to a re-match, played partly in London and partly in Leningrad. Kasparov beat off the challenge by 12½-11½, with 5 wins to 4. In October 1987, Karpov was challenging again, this time in Seville, and he came within one game of getting the title back. But Kasparov won that final game to level the scores at 12-12 (4 wins apiece) and retain the championship. Since then their major engagements have been in the World Cup series of tournaments—1 Kasparov, 2 Karpov, and the rest at a respectful distance.

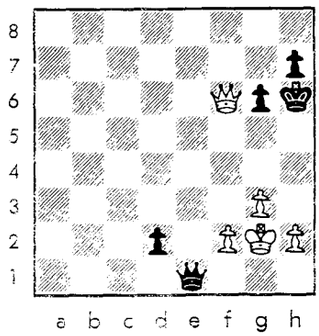
Assuming previous patterns will be maintained, we might conclude that there won't be much in it and that 5 wins will suffice to win the match (which means at least 15 draws). But, for individuals at least, history no more repeats itself than clocks tick backwards. Anatoly Karpov will be 40 next year, whereas Gary Kasparov, at 27, should still be rising to his career-peak.

Fortunately, the age-factor cannot always be relied on in competitive chess, as shown by the contrast between two recent tournament victories—Kamsky at age 16 in Tilburg, and the venerable Bent Larsen at age 55 in New York. Yet big matches are crueller tests of stamina than tournaments. So I expect Kasparov to win more easily this time, and perhaps finally end Karpov's pretensions to the crown. If that's how things go, then Kasparov will face (at last!) a new opponent at the end of the next candidates' series. As I suggested a couple of weeks ago, that could well be Boris Gelfand.

Nigel Short, however, will have different ideas. This is the game that he had to win in the last round of the Interzonal to keep alive his chances of a tilt at the title:

M. Gurevich - Short, Manila Interzonal. French Defence. 1 d4 e6 2 e4 d5 3 exd5 Exchange variations like this have a drawish reputation, but the French is an interesting exception. It should surely be equal, but in practice White seems to lose quite often. **exd5 4 Nf3 Bg4 5 h3 Bh5 6 Be2 Bd6 7 Ne5 Bxe2 8 Qxe2 Ne7 9 0-0 0-0 10 Bf4 Re8 11 Qg4 Bxe5!** A crucial strategic decision. Sometimes bishops are better than knights, and sometimes knights are better than bishops. But in the French a Black knight can be trusted to outshine White's dark-squared bishop. **12 Bxe5 Ng6 13 Bg3 Nd7 14 Nd2 Nf6 15 Qf3 c6 16 Qb3 Qb6 17 Qxb6 axb6 18 a3 Ne4 19 Nxe4 Rxe4** It's clear that Black is a little bit better—no more than that. **20 Rfd1 b5 21 Kf1 f6 22 f3 Re6 23 Re1 Kf7 24 Rxe6 Kxe6 25 Re1+ Kd7 26 Ke2 h5!** Stealing space, steadily encroaching. The game starts to assume the familiar contours of A N Other v Nimzowitsch. **27 Kd3 h4 28 Bh2 Ne7 29 Bf4 Nf5 30 Bd2 b6 31 Re2 c5 32 Be3 b4!?** Objectively, this may not be the best move. 32...Kc6 and 32...c4+ also have their points. But as a way of setting problems just before the time-control, Nigel's choice was perfect. **33 axb4 c4+ 34 Kc3 Nd6** Setting a subtle trap: 35 b3 Ra2! 36 bxc4 Ra3+ and wins a whole piece. **35 Re1 Ra4 36 Kd2** After the game, Short suggested 36 Rb1 Nb5+ 37 Kd2 Rxb4 38 b3 as the only way to hang on. **Rxb4 37 Ra1 Rxb2** The rest is not so difficult. Black just has to push his Q-side pawns. **38 Ra7+ Ke6 39 Rxg7 b5 40 Bf2 b4 41 Kc1 c3 42 Bxh4 Nf5 0-1**

From such calm positional play, with just a little tactic hidden in the notes, let's turn to more spectacular stuff. The finish to the position from Jukic-Dutreeuw given in our issue of 28 September [in Forsyth notation: 1r3rlk/p3Npp1/3R3p/2p2Q2/n1q5/4P2P/P4PP1/5RK1] was **1 Rxh6+!** and Black surrendered at once, sparing himself **1...gxh6 2 Qf6+ Kh7 3 Nf5 Qc3 4 Qxh6+ Kg8 5 Ne7 mate**. Too easy, wasn't it? So this time something a bit tougher to chew on. White to play from the diagram. What should the result be?



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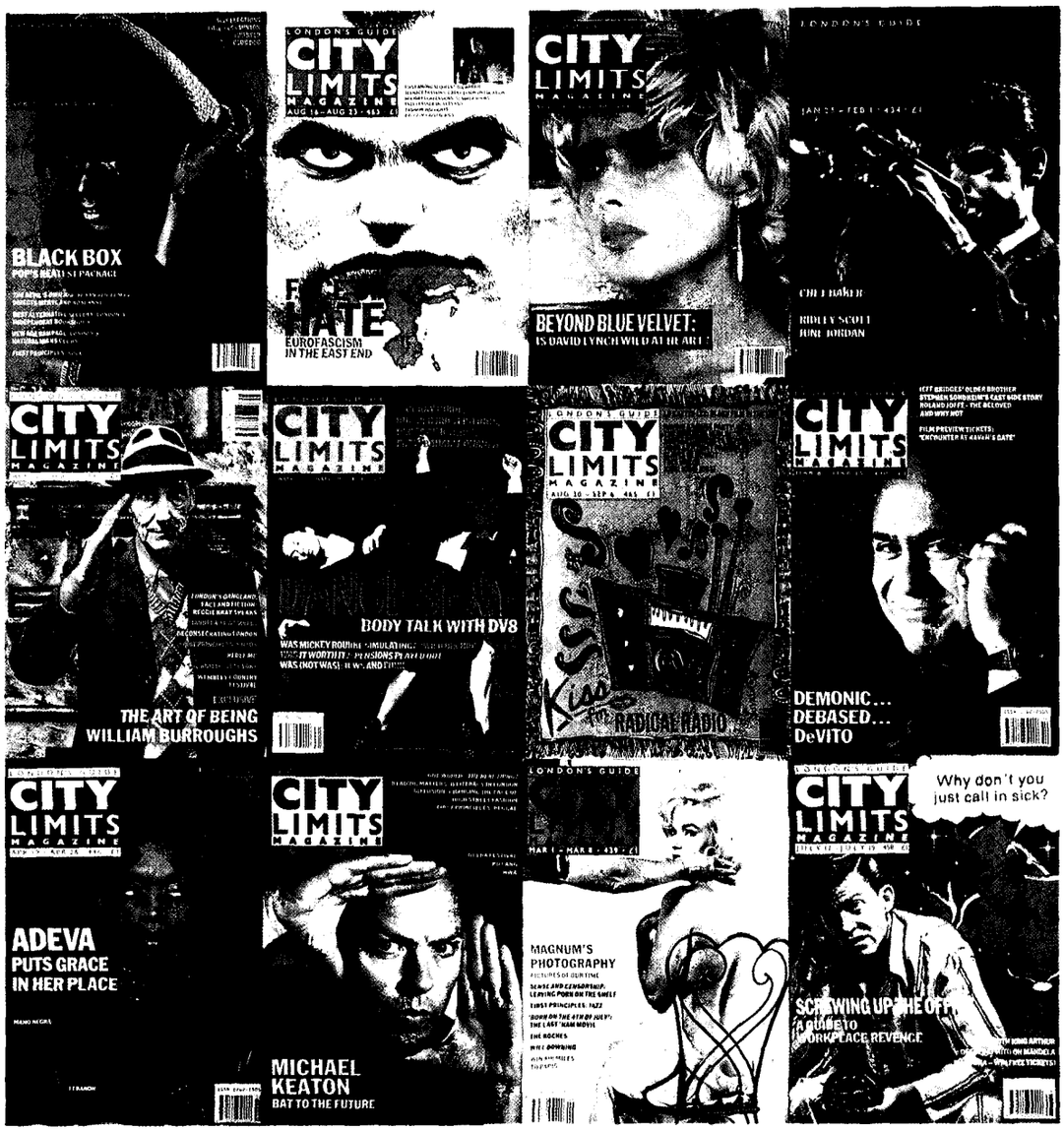

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